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THE BORDER LAND.

Ellen Langdon

**MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONER**

THE BORDER LAND:

AND OTHER POEMS.

Olive Leaves.

Ivy Leaves.

Myrtle Leaves.

Cypress Leaves.

By L. N. R.,

AUTHOR OF 'THE BOOK AND ITS STORY,' AND
'THE MISSING LINK.'

Second Edition.

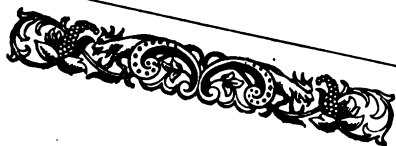


LONDON:

. NISBET & CO., BERNERS STREET.

1876.





INTRODUCTION.




ONE sometimes asks a friend to write a Preface. I have found one already written, which so aptly introduces these *Leaves from Life*, that I cannot choose but use it. The selected stanzas are from a poem called *Our Hidden Leaves*, by that sweet singer, Frances Ridley Havergal, and are found, p. 8, in her *Ministry of Song* :—

'Oh, the hidden leaves of Life !
Closely folded in the heart ;
Leaves where Memory's golden finger,
Slowly pointing, loves to linger ;
Leaves that bid the old tears start.
Leaves which grave experience ponders,
Soundings for her pilot-charts ;
Leaves which God Himself is storing,
Records which we read, adoring
Him who writes on human hearts.

Some are traced with liquid sunbeams,
Some with fire, and some with tears ;
Some with crimson dyes are glowing,
From a smitten life-rock flowing
Through the wilderness of years.

Some are crossed with later writing,
Palimpsests of earliest days ;
Old remembrance faintly gleaming
Through the thinking and the dreaming,
Outlines dim in noontide haze.

One is dark with hieroglyphics
Of some dynasty of grief :
Only God, and just one other,
Dearest friend, or truest brother,
Ever read that hidden leaf.



a wide circulation in the chambers of suffering and death.

The little volume, as a whole, is a record of feelings common at one time or other to most individuals, and to ordinary family circles,—for the histories of peaceful homes abound in touches of the poetical amid much plain prose.

Written at considerable intervals, these records have fallen into their places, under various obvious emblems. The OLIVE LEAVES are poems on sacred, and the CYPRESS LEAVES on sorrowful subjects. The MYRTLE LEAVES are of a more general character, and interspersed with word-sketches from Nature. The IVY LEAVES, as in Germany, are garlands for the interior of a happy home; and these are mingled with ORANGE BLOSSOMS, twined for inmate after inmate of that home, as each departs. The MAY BLOSSOMS, under the same heading, are dedicated to children.



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I.

Olive Leaves.

'But I, like a green olive-tree in the house of
God, trust in the mercy of God for ever
and ever.'—Ps. LII. 8.



A

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OLIVE LEAVES.



THE BORDER LAND.

I HAVE been to a land, a Border Land,
Where there was but a strange dim light ;
Where shadows and dreams in a spectral band,
Seemed real to the aching sight.
I scarcely bethought me how there I came,
Or if thence I should pass again ;
Its morn and its night were marked by the
flight,
Or coming, of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this Border Land,
With its mountain-ridges hoar,
That it looked across to a wondrous strand,
A *bright and unearthly shore.*

For I thought He would call ;

Yet nay ; for awhile in the Border
He bade me in patience stay,
And gather rich fruits with a trer
While He chased its glooms aw
He had led me amid those shado
And shown that bright world s
To teach me that earnest trust in
Is 'the one thing needful' here.

And so from the land, the Border
I've turned me to earth once mo
But earth and its works were such tr
By the light of that radiant shor
And oh. should they ever

'Twas a land where earthly pride was not,
Where the poor were brought to mind,
With their scanty bed—their fireless cot,
And their bread so hard to find.

But little I heard in the Border Land
Of the din that passed below ;
For the once loud voices of human life
To the deafened ear were low.
I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet-call,
And alike to its gibe or its sneer ;
Its riches were dust, and the loss of all
Would then scarce have cost a tear.

I met with a Friend in this Border Land,
Whose teachings can come with power
To the blinded eye and the deafened ear,
In affliction's loneliest hour.
'Times of refreshing,' to the soul
In languor, oft He brings,
And leads it then to meditate
On high and heavenly things.

O Holy Ghost ! too often grieved
In my health and earthly haste,
I bless those slow and silent hours
Which seemed to run to waste.

Thou takest there ' of the things of C
A past and a future page,
And pourest on each divinest light—
At steps of pilgrimage
Diverse—as every soul can bear ;
Of such light in times of old,
King David in the Border Land
Oft sang to his harp of gold.

I went to this land, this Border Land
Sweet charities to prove ;
For hours 'twixt life and death dema
Deep springs and founts of love.
Yet not mother's love, though strong

I have trodden a path I did not know,
Safe in my Saviour's hand ;
I can trust Him for all the future now,
I have been to the Border Land.



THE WANDERING HEART.

'Thou tellest my wanderings.'—Ps. LVI. 8.

ALAS for the wildly wandering heart,
And its changing idol guests !
It has roamed away to the world's far ends
At the vagrant wind's behests ;—
More fleet in its course than the flying dart,—
Alas for the wandering heart !

Go, bind it with Memory's holiest spells,
But it reck's not the things of old ;
Go, chain it in Gratitude's surest cells
With fetters more precious than gold—
Yet ever, oh ever, it will depart ;—
Alas for the wandering heart !

Is it gone up to listen at heaven's gate
To *Gabriel's* harp of praise ?

It loves on a worthless and treacherous world
To bestow its high desires ;
The lamp which it ought to have lighted
heaven
It kindles at idol fires.
Too seldom it turns to its guiding chart ;
Alas for the wandering heart !

'Twill need to be steeped in the briny wave
Of affliction's billowy sea, •
And salt tears must water its way to the grave
Ere it shall from those vanities flee.
It must ever be feeling the chastening smart
Alas for the wandering heart !

RETURN THEE TO THY REST.

Ps. cxvi. 7.

RETURN, return thee to thine only rest,
Lone pilgrim of the wold !
Far erring from the fold,
By the dark night and rising storms distressed ;
List, weary lamb, the Shepherd's anxious
voice,
And once again within His arms rejoice.

Return, return ; thy fair white fleece is soiled,
And by sharp briars rent ;
Thy little strength is spent ;
Yet H^E will pity thee, thou torn and spoiled.
There, thou art cradled on His tender breast ;
Now never more, sweet lamb, forsake that
rest.

Return, return, my soul, be like this lamb ;
Yet can it—can it be
That thou shouldst pardon me,
Thou injured Love, all ingrate as I am ?
Once again, weary of earth's trifling things,
False as the desert's far and shining springs.

Return, return to thy forsaken Friend,
So long despised, forgot ;
That should He 'know thee not,'
Thy 'wandering heart' His justice must defend.
Yet on, press on, towards the mercy-seat,
And if thou perish, perish at His feet.

Return, return, for He is near thee dwelling ;
And not into the air
Need rise the sighs of prayer.
Into His ear thou'rt all thy sorrows telling ;
Thou need'st not speak to HIM through
spaces wide,
For He is near thee, even at thy side.

'THE LONE, STILL ROOM.'

K NOW'ST thou the time when torturing
 pain,
 Yielding at last to healing skill,
Doth yet, from feared return, constrain
 The sufferer to seclusion still ?
The lone, still room, the shaded light,
Excluding all of warm or bright.

O dweller in that lone, still room !
 Thou and thy God are there alone !
What hast thou, 'mid its favouring gloom,
 In silent penitence to own ?
For HE, thy true Confessor, knows
Thy need of this enforced repose.

The good Physician of the soul
 Bathes thee in Gilead's priceless balm ;
He woundeth and He maketh whole,
 His is the cure, and His the calm.
'He leads thee in His own right way ;'
 He still, and love, and hope, and pray !

*‘WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE
CHASTENETH.’*

HEB. XII. 6.

A GAIN I feel, O God !
Stripes of Thy lifted rod ;
All suddenly they come, and sharp the pain.
Almighty ! wilt Thou deign
To give account to me, or reason why ?
Nay ; Thou dost but reply,
‘I chasten whom I love ;’
Balm for Thy bitter stripes,—all else above.
Therefore, while chained and bound,

From helplessness, so thou faint not nor tire ;
What more canst thou desire ?

' I chasten whom I love, '—

Feed on that thought ; 'tis balm,—all else above.

I chasten them to wean
From each enchanting scene
The children of a kingdom yet to come ;
Fair stones to be brought home,
All chiselled as they needed, at my will,
Each one its place to fill
In the temple of my love,—
The radiant New Jerusalem above.

' I chasten whom I love ; '—

I could not teach or move
Man's spirit thus amid life's whirling shows ;
But I can give repose
In long, lone wakeful nights, to the poor heart
With which it ne'er shall part ;
And bid each promise beam
Out in the darkness with most lustrous gleam.

Rejoice, my chastened ones !
My daughters and my sons,
Walk softly in the way ye have been led.
By tribulation dead

Should ye be to earth's pomp and lust of gain—
And all its warfare vain ;

Checked every low desire,
Have ye not passed through the Refiner's fire ?

Rejoice, my chastened ones !

How were ye provèd 'sons,'
Unless in following your exalted Head,

Who, bruised, faint, and dead,
Refused not to brave the inner gloom
Of the drear tomb ?

Endure in peace your pain,
For 'those who suffer with Him also reign.'

Jesus, our risen Lord !

That tears for secret sin may freely flow,
And self and pride lie low.

'I chasten whom I love,'—

Feed on that thought; 'tis balm, —all else
above.



A MEDITATION.

'And went backward and not forward.'—JER. VII. 24.

EVEN so, like wandering Israel,
Straying from the paths of peace,
Bound to the far land of promise,
Through the barren wilderness;
Yet, unmindful of their home,
Content amongst its sands to roam.

Amongst the sands of earth, O Lord!—
The trifles of the day,—
My soul hath lingered long, nor passed
Upon its onward way.
'Backward and not forward' pressing,
Though the light of life possessing.

Earth hath snares for flesh and spirit,
 Suited to a wandering heart ;
Satan numbs it to the power,
 Even of the chastening smart ;
And its own deceitful dealings,
Who can count its evil feelings !

Lord, thus tempted, and thus yielding
 Ever to idolatry,
Didst Thou, couldst Thou bear with Israel ;
 Wilt Thou, canst Thou bear with me ?
Ah ! though froward and perverse,
Did Israel ever tempt Thee thus ?

ANXIETY.

'He careth for you.'—1 PET. v. 7.

HERE let me rest,
And lay my thousand hopes and
fears
To sleep upon His breast ;
Away with tears.
The *good* of my desire He gives,
That even in denial lives.

Here let me rest ;
He can bestow it, if He please ;
I am His child confessed,
My need He sees,
And says that nought exceeds His love
In earth below or heaven above.

Here let me rest ;
If He withhold the precious boon,
His wisdom chooseth best.
In heaven's high noon
I may discern that bliss attained,
In virtue of this prayer disdained.

Here let me rest

Till this deep anxiousness depart,
This yearning of the breast,
And aching smart ;
Till faith shall light the saddened wa
And meekness bless a Father's ' Nay

Here let me rest ;

What though the path of life no m
In rainbow tints be drest
Bright as of yore?

Sleep, gentle handmaid, waits
At the still entrance gates,
It lulling anxious thought and aching woe.

The grave hath rest ! night of life's weary
day,
The shroud's calm sleep for the once suffering
clay.

Till God shall raise afresh
The garment of the flesh,
The dust laid up in dust for heaven's array.

Her baths have rest ! when the soul shakes her
wings
Zion's courts awhile from meaner things ;
Forgets her week-day care, ~
Or learns its weight to bear,
While dews of heaven around the Spirit
flings.

The heaven hath rest ! the Sabbath of the
sky !
Her weary feet shall walk the world on high !
No tear of trouble falls
Within those jasper walls.
To gain *this rest for me* did Jesus die.

A MEDITATION

ON THE ABSENCE OF FRIENDS AT CONISTON LAKE

✓ **HY** is it, when a sunny gleam of light,
 A pleasant dole from heaven's treasury bright,
 Of all things beautiful and good that seem,
 As transient on my daily even way—
 Scarcely owned and blessed before I say
 Behold the shadow close upon the gleam

True that joy is ever ecstasy,
 Far more than simple joy to me ;
 Comes not oft, as gladness to the gay ;
 And when it comes, it lies

That brought such exquisite delight,—it vied
With all that syren Hope had prophesied ;
Then on such joy did suffering follow oft.

And now, when to a mind of deeper tone
And richer memories such joys would come,
Why is it that Denial, cold and stern,
Is Hope's perpetual handmaid ? why, oh why ?
My heart, in patience quell that rising sigh,
And in retirement holier lesson learn.

There is a world beyond this world of ours,
The thought whereon God wills thee to re-
pose ;

Thereto He points thee in thy lonely hours.
Communings here with kindred souls denied,
Shall in that world to come be satisfied,—
Joy dwelleth there—not on this earth of ours.

Thou shalt *not* dress a Paradise below ;
And couldst thou all earth's loftiest converse
know,

Abiding with its purest and its best ;
And if its fairest scenery should combine
To prison and suffice this soul of thine,
God bids it forth—on a more glorious quest.

HIM must thou seek, to Him thy being tend,
HE is thy 'Lord,' thy 'Life,' thy 'Joy,' thy
 'Friend ;'

Thy spirit striveth for a nobler birth.
If aught from Him would lure thee to depart,
Then must it be withheld, thou 'wandering
 heart,'

Thine home is not upon the doomed earth.

For this He cleareth thee a space of rest,
Full oft, from many cares, to be a guest
 Alone with Him : a gift of grace unsought.
When thou shalt enter it without repining,
See in its solitude His sun's clear shining,
And know no will but His, the end is wrought

BEAR IT.

'Charity (love) beareth all things.'—1 COR. XIII. 7.

FOLLOWER of the lowly Lamb,
Hast thou ceased to watch and pray ?
O'er what neighbour's faults and sins
Hast thou cast the veil to-day ?
If thou answerest scorn with scorn,
Adding to the heap of ill,
Art thou of the Spirit born ?
Workest thou the Father's will ?

Bear it—yes, in silence bear it,
Bitter howsoe'er it be ;
Not a human ear must share it,
Known alone to God and thee.
Secret griefs shall train thy soul
Into finer sympathies
With HIM who makes the wounded whole,
And all their sorrows HIS.

Bear it. Christ hath borne before thee,
All by hate and malice flung ;
Healing balm He can shed o'er thee,
For the arrows of the tongue.

DEAR IT—when HE, the world's high Lord
Came to His thankless own,
His perfect goodness was abhorred,
Despised, or all unknown.
And who art *thou*, to speak of wrong,
Or to weep for want of love,
If HE the scornets sat among,
Heaven's pure, incarnate Dove?

Follower of the lowly Lamb,
Never cease to watch and pray ;
Hide thy wounds from all but Jesus,
Prayer can smooth the roughest way !
And such endurance in thee wrought,
Or thy cross shall lifted be ;
Or thou wouldst not with it part,

It yield Him fruits and spices sweet,
Pressed out by His own hand ;
And thou, by slow degrees made meet,
Shalt reach the Promised Land.

*VESPER BELLS*

FOR SABBATH EVES.

IF Jesus on this day of rest
Hath come into His house of prayer,
And turned on every waiting guest
His look of love and mildness there,
How must that eye which sees the soul,
Have watched each wandering desire !
The sacrifice, or torn or whole,
The sacred or unhallowed fire.

Some came bowed down with worldly care ;
Perchance He took the load away,
And whispered, ' I myself will bear,
And do thou only wait and pray.'
Some deeply pierced by broken reeds,
Fainting because earth's streams were dried,
Again the Shepherd folds and feeds
In Zion, by the fountain's side.

(A congregation of the dead
‘The dead,’ with neither life :
Whom ‘mid disciples mingl
Nor mercy wins, nor terrors :
‘Sent empty’ from His hou

Wast thou ‘sent empty,’ O m
Had Jesus then no word fo
The ‘Man of sorrows’ ; didst
No answer to His ‘Lov’s
If ‘olive leaves’ for thee wer
Say, hast thou plucked the
If still Siloam’s stream was fl
Were peace and healing th

OPPORTUNITIES.

'All that thou mightest have been ;
All that thou mightest have done.'

MARK that long dark line of shadows
Stretching far into the past ;
Every day it seems to lengthen,
Whither does it tend at last ?
Each one added to the hosts,
From the present moment flies ;
These are Time's forgotten ghosts,
Fleeted opportunities.

Characters of light or darkness,
Gabriel's pen from each requires ;
God records, if man forgets them,
Numbers each, as each expires.
And the awful spectres all,
At the day of doom will rise,
Witnesses at Heaven's call, —
Fleeted opportunities.

Buried powers of good unmeasured,
Hardly present did ye seem ;
Yet I thought I should have treasured,
When ye vanished like a dream.

O my soul ! no further length
Wilfully this ghostly train ;
Rise and seek for grace to str
Where 'twas never sought i
Lost ! this hour but adds anot
To those solemn witnesses ;
Every living soul's thy brother
Mark thine opportunities.



I WILL NOT GO OUT F.

And if the servant shall say, I love :
will not go out free : then he shall serve :

What is there in the changing earth
To be preferred to Thee?
No ; I love Thee, O my Master !
I would not go out free.

Its gauds and trifle treasures,
They shall be burnt with fire ;
Its glories and its pleasures,
How wearily they tire !
Its loudly-vaunted liberty
Were slavery to me :
No ; I love Thee, O my Master !
I would not go out free.

Free from the ties of tenderness
And mercy undefiled
Of Him who died, that I might be
Not a bond-slave, but a child !
Henceforth His light and easy yoke
My willing choice shall be :
No ; I love Thee, O my Master !
And I will not go out free.

Behold ! how rich Thy saving grace !
Less on my hold of Thee
Depends my hope of heaven at last,
Than on Thine hold of me !

And I will not go out free.



*THE NAME WHICH IS ABOVE
EVERY NAME.*

PHIL. II. 9.

THERE is a name so deeply traced
On hearts that once were stone,
Though all beside were thence erased,
That name would stand alone :

Believer, say.

When first its flinty surface knew
The Spirit's softening power,
Beside His name stood others too,
The idols of the hour.
But God hath passed it through the fire,
For earthly love and vain desire.

All other names the fire has tried,
And worn their trace away ;
This One the burning can abide,
Clear in its fiercest ray ;
And now it ne'er effaced can be,
So oft, my Lord, I've fled to Thee.

Yet sometimes, when a beam divine
Lights up this evil heart,
I ask me if indeed 'tis Thine,
Or if it acts a part,—
So dark its thoughts, so vain its dreams,
So far it is from what it seems.

Oh, be that heart at last subdued
To all Thine holy will !
To meekness every day renewed,
Albeit by suffering still.
Thy name above all names should be,
Show forth Thy glorious name in me !

ve Leaves.

W DESIRE.

AGMENT.

! no longer I entreat
ve sued in times of yore,
ess Thou shouldst mete
rthly blessing more.
in Thy bounteous store,
ek than source divine ;
e than heretofore,
O Lord, is mine ;—
ow no will but Thine

HIS LOVE !—My heart thou oft hast tried
In earthly friends to place thy trust ;
Do not earth's dearest links divide,
And canst thou e'er be satisfied
With creatures—earth and dust ?

HIS LOVE !—Sweet refuge from despair,
Forsaken e'en, upbraideth not ;
'Tis thine, my soul, and canst thou e'er
Forget its depth, or slight its care,
Or crave another lot ?

HIS LOVE ! that knows no change of mood,
But *rests* where it designs to save,
Till every sin it hath subdued,
And every rebel thought renewed,
Attends us to the grave.

'Tis shed our sinful hearts among,
And fills beside all heaven above ;
't tell it mocks an angel's tongue,
By man redeemed it must be sung ;
All heaven is this—HIS LOVE.

—o—

ive Leaves.

*VANTS SHALL SERVE
HIM.*

s servants serve Him,
no idols there,
of temptation,
for fear and prayer.
ught is fixed upon
ying love ;
ld e'er hymn the praise
raise above.

is holy will is done,

And their once evil hearts refined,
No worship of self shall know ;
The dross and chaff all left behind,
Of the earthly mind below.

There no more hindrance of the flesh,
Nor aught from the weary brain,
The up-tendings of the Spirit
In God's kingdom shall restrain.
For in heaven His servants serve Him,
And no failing comes between
The service that they render Him,
And the service that they mean.

In heaven His servants serve Him,
They make no idols there ;
They find no more temptation,
No need for fear and prayer.
There every thought is fixed upon
A Saviour's dying love ;
And harps of gold e'er hymn the praise
Of HIM, all praise above.



*TO A YOUNG LADY
HER CONFESSION*

KNEELING :
Before no i
Within an old and
What thoughts
While the deep or
The vaulted aisle

In simple robes o
Each like a voi

The earthly shepherd's hand was laid
On every suppliant near ;
But Jesus knew what vows were paid
By hearts in lowly fear ;
And who besought His crook and rod
To guide them to the fold of God.

To such, whatever pilgrims need
Was promised to-day ;
No more on fruitless husks they feed
In Zion's pleasant way :
Its living streams are pure and still,
And fair and green its holy hill.

As weary travellers retrace—
When some high point they gain—
Their path, and every resting-place,
Winding o'er steep and plain ;
So thou shalt turn in life's decay,
And mark thy setting forth to-day.

Frowns of the world thou need'st not fear,
But dread its syren smiles ;
Go forth and prove thine armour here
Against all Satan's wiles ;
And when its links in death divide,
May thy soul flee to Jesu's side !

THE FURNACE.

I, THE LORD, heard a prayer
From my child on her working wheel
'Lord, I am weary—spare
Or increase my strength, I pray.'
I knew the need of my answer :
In the furnace must be thy rest ;
And again to lie still and suffer,
For the working hand is best.

The Refiner, I sit by the fire ;
And though *thou* hast 'no might' to bear
The burning, I mete out strength,
And I hourly answer prayer.
'Tis I am the Man of sorrow

They suffer with me in patience,
I suffer with them in love ;
My rod and my staff are theirs below,
And my glory theirs above.




WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

THANK God for the moorland acres
Still left in our Isle so fair—
Thank God for their breath of freedom
From the murk of the city air ;
For the bloom of their lilac heather-bells,
For their spreads of golden gorse,
For their carpets of fern,
For their fringe of firs,
And the tread of their springy moss.

Thank God for the fragrant fir-tree shades,
When sunshine floods the sky,
And paints along their aisles and glades
Its network tracery.

If e'er the winter winds are wild
Upon this sheltered shore,
Here must they sleep,
For they ne'er can sweep
Across such peaceful floor.

Thank God for our outlook seaward,
Where the pearl and azure play ;
Thank God for the rippling wavelets
That kindle the night here



l for the towers of purple cloud,
catch morn's ruby light,
re-glow, and eve's after-glow
nes into the night :
our hearts above the earth,
; gates ajar we see.
' such the palace door,
' that are 'gone before,'
ast the Presence be !

we list the angels' psalms :
d in heart and brain,
om lights and shades and calms
ity's bounds again.
c-day world the Master waits,
; sheep which are lost we win
the sin and the strife
ir outcast life—
, that we bring them in.

DTB.

... any works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and
saints shall bless Thee.'—Ps. CXLV. 10

LINNÆUS, from the frozen North
Our English moorlands trod,
And when he saw the golden gorse,
Fell down and worshipped God,
Who in more genial clime had caused
Such thorny bush to bloom,
And out to the wide commons shed
Its odorous perfume.

And sure the spring-tide must have seen
That act of worship true,
When all the trees in tender green
Came forth and worshipped too ;
For every new-born leaflet praised,

shall rise again—
the gladsome song—
ere the earth, ' what waits
saints, ere long !

ves to those who pray
and raiment due ;
when on *that* Day
see all things new.'
at, each quivering leaf,
NATURE tells—
the long-time Voice that floats
fields and fells.

—o—

JUBILEE ODE.

THE JUBILEE YEAR OF THE
SOCIETY.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.'

I, O God, went'st forth in
fold,
the cloud
encamped in desert fold—
glory bowed ;

... voice that shook the
The circle of the wide creation f

In thunder-tones to trembling Isi
Did God first give the word ;
In after years from prophet-harps
The Spirit's voice was heard :
And then, Jehovah-Lord, to huma
Gently and unperceived Thoudidst c
Thy mighty Godhead robed in eart
And left Evangelists to tell the tale

Thy chariots myriads of angels be—
They uttered first the word :
Since then upon how great a comp
Is the same gift conferr

Where Cambria's barren rocks first craved the
word,

And now, the Gospel smiles.

Though still the ruined fortress crowns her
steeps,

For savage war and crime no more she weeps ;

But all her mountain-air she gladly fills

With silver voices from her ancient rills.

As feed those many rills her noble streams,

Rushing through rock and glen,

From thousand cottage-homes Britannia pours

The word of life to men :

And whilst her happy island influence rides

All round the world the surging ocean tides,

Benighted denizens of farthest seas

Begin to mingle in her Jubilees !

Rome trembles at the mighty word she hid

In her own cloistered cells ;

The failing followers of Islam forbid

In vain the truths it tells ;

And in its ancient seats, and antique founts,

Again the pure and living water mounts,

Prepared o'er each green marge to spread and
flow,

And help to bid the world Christ's empire know.

...carvings rise above ! ... past,
In love come forth ! for see, the heathen
Your patient guidance to yon pearly gate
The heathen know that by your hand is
To them the 'sacred letter fresh from heaven

In Britain's glorious year of Jubilee,
Lo ! China pleads her want ;
A million of those winged words of life
We hasten swift to grant :
India awakes ! and half the darksome east
Springs instant to a new and nobler birth
Fast shall the healing leaves of life's fair tree
Scattered through all the waiting nations
And surely as the sun

NINEVEH AND ITS RELICS

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

I.

COME back, come back into the past !
The ancient Ages call ;
Sennacherib bids his guests once more
Enter his palace-hall—
Colossal forms¹ the portals guard,
And long the entrance hath been barred.

II.

Not from Assyria's sandy plains
The wondering throng sweep in ;
But out of London's mighty heart,
Its moving life and din,
We press to seek the calm sublime,
Fresh risen from the tomb of time.

III.

The avenging God by 'fire' and 'flood,'²
Fulfilling Nahum's word,
The city that was stained with blood,
For Israel's sake abhorred,³
Laid down, in pagan pomp and pride,
Lies in mounds of dust, in shame to hide.

— now these sculpt
Forth to a world that is
Carved by its childish
Long o'er their grave the
Lost and forgotten—save

v.

Grim Nisroch^s and his prie
Rise from their stony bed
The Idols see the light again
Th' adorers all are dead !
When Israel sought to gods
These heathen cherubim were

VII.

Fair antique lamps, as if just quenched !
Glass, opal-dyed by age,
Dim fragment-links 'twixt Now and Then,
Ye lead to nobler page,
'Kings' archives '¹⁰—where in mystic heap
Lost histories of nations sleep.

VIII.

For thee, thou one mute worshipper ¹¹
Of the vast idols round,
Lone remnant of humanity
In the burnt palace found,
Thy tale, alas ! may ne'er be read,
Till Nineveh shall yield its dead.

IX.

And why, by God's own hand unsealed
In this appointed hour,
Why now are these rude forms revealed ?
And whence hath science power
Afresh to scan this arrowy tongue,
In silence sepulchred so long ?

And libraries of stone,
At God's good pleasure
The proofs which all
That the 'sure word of p
Abideth everlastingly.

XI.

And deep within earth's qu
On many an eastern plair
Yet mightier secrets still ma
That shall God's word ex
High records for decipherin
The lore of Abraham's fath

XIII.

'I, with my graven images,¹⁵
Went down into the dust,
Ere men had their Redeemer seen,—
"The Holy One,—the Just."
If I at Jonah's preaching turned,
What had I from the Saviour learned?

XIV.

'I clasped the keys of bygone years
In long and dreamless sleep,
And lay, till God should call me forth,
Entranced in chambers deep;
He bids me prove how true the past,
On a future age a gleam to cast.

XV.

'For my idols all will see the day
When "Greater Babylon,"
My archetype, shall, swept away,¹⁶
Make room for "the Mighty One,"—
For Him "whom all nations and peoples
shall praise,"¹⁷
Whose throne is "set up by the Ancient of
Days."

With burning breath "the man of s
And his last and strongest lies ;
The stone of His kingdom of truth t
The kingdom that "never shall pass

XVII.

Come back, come back into the past
The ancient Ages call ;
Come, muse upon Time and Eternity
In Sennacherib's palace-hall :
Colossal forms the portals guard,
And long the entrance hath been bar

y between which and the forms seen
l in his vision is too striking not to
. The prophet had been a captive in
of Assyria. The book of Daniel (who
amiliar with the Assyrian sacred types)
a descriptions of these curious animal
a combinations.

is the dwelling of the lions, and the
ace of the young lions, where the lion,
ld lion, walked, and the lion's whelp—
made them afraid?

on did tear in pieces enough for his
d strangled for his lionesses, and filled
with prey, and his dens with ravin'
(. 11, 12).

ve is a noble description of the violent
ke character of the Assyrian kings,
laces appear to have been also the
their gods.

VERSE 3.

he avenging God by fire and flood.'

hile they shall be folden together as
d while they are drunken as drunkards,
l be devoured as stubble fully dry'
(. 10).

lace shall be dissolved (as in margin,
'Nahum ii. 6).

voice of thy messengers shall no more be
(Nahum ii. 13).

'The gates of thy land shall be set wide
unto thine enemies; the fire shall devour
bars' (Nahum iii. 13).

'Then shall the fire devour thee' (1
iii. 15).

'Flood.'

'But with an over-running flood He will
an utter end of the place thereof' (Nahum .

'The gates of the rivers shall be open
(Nahum ii. 6).

** 'The city that was stained with blood
For Israel's sake abhorred.'*

.....

the commentator observes, that 'this is as highly interesting to the Jews, as the Assyrians had often ravaged their country, and recently destroyed the kingdom of Nineveh' (73).

The prophecy of Nahum was uttered about a short time before the victorious army of the Assyrians was smitten by the angel of Jehovah (73). It must have been to the Jews of that age, in some measure analogous to the Book of Revelation was to the early Christians, a source of assurance that the people of God would ultimately triumph in the great conflict with the powers of darkness in which they were engaged.

As Nineveh had fallen in the year 612 B.C., the prophet in the 31st chapter, speaks of the Assyrian kingdom as destroyed, which it had been about 50 years previously to his prophecy.

VERSE 4.

'For over their grave the Arab trod.'

'I will make thy grave; for thou art vile' (Nahum iii. 4).

'I will cast abominable filth upon thee, I will make thee vile, and will set thee as a desolation.' (Nahum iii. 6).

Nisr signifies, in all Semitic language eagle ; — the eagle-headed deity is prominent among the Assyrian sculptures. Biblical scholars long before the discoveries of Mr. Layard, concluded that in the Assyrian Pantheon chief god was worshipped under the form of eagle.

'So Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, dwelt in Nineveh. And it came to pass, as he was sleeping in the house of Nisroch his god, that his sons smote him with the sword' (2 Kings xix. 37).

* ' *When Israel sought to gods of clay.*'

'And they followed vanity, and became vain, and went after the heathen' —

more against the Lord ; this is that king Ahaz. For he sacrificed unto the gods of Darmesek, which smote him : and he said, Because the gods of the kings of Assyria help them, therefore will I sacrifice unto them, that they may help me. But they were the ruin of him, and of all Israel ' (2 Chron. xxviii. 21-23).

' These heathen cherubim were they.'

' With cherubim of cunning work made he them ' (Ex. xxxvi. 8).

Josephus, in his *Antiquities of the Jews*, says, ' These were flying animals like none other seen by man, but such as Moses saw about the throne of God.' These symbolical figures, according to the description given of them by Ezekiel, were creatures with four heads and one body, and the animals of which these forms consisted were the noblest of their kind : the lion among wild beasts, the bull among tame ones, the eagle among the birds, and man at the head of all ; so that they might be, says Dr. Priestley, the representatives of all nature. Hence some have conceived them to be somewhat of the shape of flying oxen. This seems to have been the ancient opinion which tradition had handed down concerning the shape of the cherubim with the flaming sword that guarded the tree of life (Gen. iii. 26).—See

to express to us after their long sleep in the depths of the ark-memories of the cherubim the gate of Eden, invests them with interest.

'The cherubim mentioned in Revelation of St. John (chap. iv) have been supposed to represent the Church in its different successive eras.

'The first beast like a *Lion* (the Church in apostolic times, and of the character); the second beast like a *Ox* (the Church of the dark ages, and as times of pagan and Papal persecution); the third beast with a face as a *Man* (the Church of Reformation times as the head of

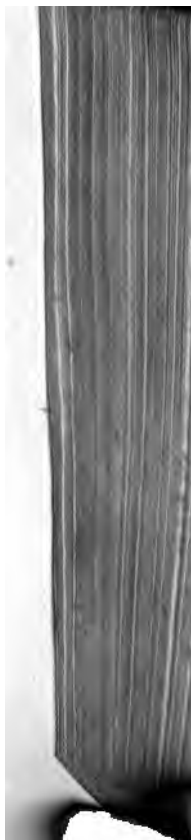
ornaments.'

seventh refers to a
ics from Nineveh.
ose of the throne,
n contact with the
ass to restore their
f Professor Owen.
and beautiful.

: *the dark pit.*'

chapter of Ezekiel
tention in reference
. It is too long for
e commences, 'Be-
cedar in Lebanon,'
atural than that the
loh, the Egyptian
he Assyrian empire,
twenty-four years
his prophecy by the
nezzar) who, within
o conquer Egypt.
)

unto death, to the
a the midst of the
that go down to the
God: In the day



Within a century after the flood, and when Noah was in the full vigour of his age, his great grandson Nimrod is introduced on the historical page as the founder of Nineveh: 'Out of the land of Shinar he went into Assyria (*see margin reading*), and builded Nineveh' (Gen. x.).

This actual throne and its footstool are seen in the Museum in a glass case as well as on the marbles.

VERSE 7.

10 'Kings' archives.'

The visitor to the Museum should not neglect to seek for the Babylonian and Assyrian bricks inscribed with arrow-headed characters (in

writing being as perfect as when the tablets were first stamped. They were piled in huge heaps from the floor to the ceiling. This chamber, Sir H. Rawlinson said, might be presumed to be the house of records of the Assyrian kings. He thought that, when these tablets had been deciphered, we should have a better acquaintance with the history, the religion, the philosophy, and the jurisprudence of Assyria 1500 years before the Christian era, than we had of Greece or Rome during any period of their respective histories.'

Mr. George Smith's wonderful reading of the FLOOD TABLET in 1872 (the date of which, however, appears to be only about 600 years B.C., though it declares itself to have been copied from an older inscription), and the discovery of tablets yet unpublished concerning the CREATION and the FALL, have fully confirmed Sir Henry Rawlinson's prevision.

VERSE 8.

" '*For thee, thou one mute worshipper.*'

In the case of fragment ivories, is one human
"I, evidently that of a young person from the
ity of the teeth, and it is said to be the only
found in the burnt palace.


Leaves.

RSE 10.

d written mountains hide.'

to the Sinaitic inscriptions
s of the Wady Mekkateb,
till supposed by some to
of the children of Israel
the wilderness, and which
raphed from plaister casts,
as, with much care by M.
s two volumes are accessible
n, and the original mould-
the Louvre.

te book, *The Desert of the*
with the Sinai Survey, the
ptions to an Israelite origin
collected



Most remarkably was this accomplished. We are told by Diodorus, that in his plans for the defence of the city, the King of Assyria was greatly encouraged by an ancient prophecy—*That Nineveh should never be taken until the river became its enemy*—but that after the allied revolvers had besieged the city for two years without effect, there occurred a prodigious inundation of the Tigris, when the stream overflowed its banks and rose up to the city—Assur-ebilili, the Saracus of the Greeks—and swept away about twenty furlongs of its great wall. When the king heard this unexpected fulfilment of the old prediction, he was filled with consternation and despair; he gave up all for lost: and that he might not fall into the hands of his enemies, he caused a large pile of wood to be raised in his palace, and, heaping thereon all his gold and silver and apparel, and collecting his eunuchs and concubines, ordered the pile to be set on fire, whereby all those persons, with himself, his treasures, and his palace, were utterly consumed. The inundation of the Tigris was probably caused by the melting of the snows in the mountains of Armenia. A similar circumstance occurred a few years since in Bagdad, the greatest city that now exists on the same river.

‘In which of the palaces Saracus burnt himself with his wives and followers is not ascertained.

It is remarkable, that while no one has yet discovered a burnt temple in Egypt or Greece, all these Assyrian palaces have been destroyed by fire; the slabs lining the chambers bear certain marks of it. A considerable quantity of coal, and even pieces of half-burnt wood, were found in many places; and it must have been a violent and prolonged fire—to calcine not only a few spots, but every part of the slabs ten feet high, and several inches thick. So complete a decomposition can be attributed only to intense heat, such as would be occasioned by the fall of a burning roof. Not a single bas-relief capable of preservation was found in any of the chambers at Khorsabad; they were all pulverized. Those on the outside, on the contrary, were in a good

and lament for her, when they shall see the smoke of her burning, standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come' (Rev. xviii. 9, 10).

'For in one hour is she made desolate' (Rev. xviii. 19).

'And after these things I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory.

'And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

'And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues' (Rev. xviii. 1, 2, 4).

" 'For Him whom all nations and peoples shall praise.'

'I beheld then, because of the great words which the horn spake: I beheld even till the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and given to the burning flame.

'And, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the

and languages, should see
is an everlasting dominion
away, and his kingdom th
destroyed' (Dan. vii. 11, 13)

VERSE 10

18

'The'

And his last and str

'Let no man deceive you
that day shall not come, ex
falling away first, and that
vealed, the son of perdition ;
exalteth himself above all tha
that is worshipped ; so that he
the temple of God, showing
God' (2 Thess 2)

the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit' (Isa. xiv. 12-15).

xiv. 28. 'In the year that king Ahaz died was this burden,' B.C. 726-7, when, according to the Assyrian Tablets, Tiglath-pileser died also, who had conquered and annexed Babylon. (*Assyrian Annals*, by George Smith.)

'For the mystery of iniquity doth already work : only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming : even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish ; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie' (2 Thess. ii. 7-11).

¹⁹ 'The stone of His kingdom of truth to lay.'

'Thou, O king, sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces

stone that
mountain, and filled the whole earth' (Dan. 34, 35). 'And in the days of these kings the God of heaven set up a kingdom which never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall be left to other people, but it shall break in and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever' (Dan. ii. 44).

'Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation. Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies' (Isa. xxviii. 16).
Rev. xvi. 19-21).

'The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner' (Ps. cxviii. 22).
THE TABLET and other

II.

Myrtle Leaves.

WORD-SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

not in the wilderness the myrtle-tree.'—

ISA. XLI. 19.





MYRTLE LEAVES.



IS THINE THE LYRE?

IS thine the lyre?—the poet's lyre?
Has Heaven made thine heart
Deeply and quietly desire
All nature can impart?
Is it a home of sympathies
For simple and sublime?
An urn of precious memories,
Laid up from long past time?
Oh, never seek for wealth or power!
Such heart alone is richer dower.

Is thine the lyre? Does music's tone
Come thrilling through thy breast,—
Not with the gush of song alone,
In melody expressed,

ags—

ning sings

shrine,
is thine.

ming free
tell,
thee

l gems,

,

,

Age in thy sight all winning seems,
A poet's life has lovely dreams.

Is thine the lyre? I deem the shell
Was in thy cradle found.
Art can but imitate its swell,
And mock its native sound.
In early days, with weal or woe
Unsought, its whispers came
Unconsciously, with feeling's flow ;
And still they come, the same.
Through life alone thou ne'er canst wend,
The lyre for thy familiar friend.

Is thine the lyre? In still retreats
Go ! feed its sacred fire ;
Forsake the din of crowded streets,
Indulge thy soul's desire :
She seeks the lofty and the calm,
The beautiful, the old ;
Aspires—and craves serene delights,
Meet for her purer mould.
But noise, and care, and common things,
Are weights upon her radiant wings.

There's not a heath so brown as
But morning gems with dew !
Nor human lot so scanty fair,
But to thy gifted view
Shall yield some element of fire
To touch thy heart, and tone thy

Is thine the lyre? Then God, w
To thee this gentle power
To press ethereal essence out
From many an unseen flower,
Whilst for thy joy their odour fle
Claims that thy lyre should bri
To Him who filled earth's lap with
Its tribute offering.

VOICES FROM THE SILENT SOD.

ON SOME MOSSES, FERNS, AND MOSS-INSECTS, SEEN
THROUGH A MICROSCOPE OF HIGH POWER.

IT was not all a tale of eld,
That fairies, who their revels held
By moonlight, in the greenwood shade
Their beakers of the moss-cups made.
The wondrous light which science burns,
Reveals those lovely jewelled urns !
Fair lace-work spreads from roughest stems,
And shows each tuft a mine of gems.
Voices from the silent sod,
Speaking of the Perfect God !

Urns of beauty—forms of glory—
Shapes with frosted silver hoary ;
Cups of light, that pearls unfold,
Set in transparent gauzy gold ;
Lucid sprays of emerald dye,
Could e'en an empire's jewels vie
With all these groups of gems that burn
On each separate frond of fern ?



I love your converse sweet, and lightsome play ;
Yet better, better love to steal away
At such an hour as this, from mirthful tone ;
At twilight's fall I love to be alone.



RAIN UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

BEN CRUACHAN.

K NOW ye the silence of the mountain-side,
Before the clouds that fleece its summit
fall

In silver showers ! only the rill doth call
To warn the small birds in their nests to hide.
Then is the sunbeam for a season fled,
Then bursts the storm upon the harebell's head,
And round about in robe of mist doth ride.
That robe is rending—mark ! intensest glow
Of colour on the shadowy crags hath birth ;
The bow is born upon the mountain's brow,
The hues of heaven are rising from the earth,
Grey cairns have caught the tone, and dark
pine stems,
The purple heather drips with iris gems ;
Oh, fairer for her frown is Nature's mirth !

YES! thou art glorious, th
Thou cradlest all the
breast ;

Her far-spread continents are
Her isles thy playthings, which
When thou hast worn thyself
Such as in Cesarea's rocky wal
Winning thy way round pinnac
Into the crag's dark heart, w
falls

The foot of man, but while the
And then, with broad and mig
choirs

Of sounding billows, in their sev
Pronounce all mo

A

NATURE HATH STORE.

NATURE hath store of ever new delights,
For him who seeks her with an earnest
love ;

Year after year she bids such votary prove,
Whether he wanders o'er her mountain
heights,

Or treads her grassy vales,
That she through hills and dales
Can sense of thrilling joy to him impart.
And by each wilding spray
Along a woodland way,

Hath power at will to touch and charm his
heart.

She wins him, if that heart be ill at ease,
To lay it open to the freshening breeze ;
Scatters awhile its feverish thoughts in air,
And sends a sunbeam through its depths of
care.

Oh, Nature is a calm, sufficing friend !
Yet nay ! She hath at will no change of mood,
No kindred feeling in her solitude,
That with the *flow* of restless life may blend.

One smiles when we
Oft weeps when we
The human heart still ne
Much it receives of bliss
Yet ever sues at Friendsh
Sweet lore of woods an
alone,
Yet longs for fellow-hearts

Where we have lingered
love,
Do we not love to linger ye
Albeit 'tis with a sense of s
As bright may heaven's arc
The earth as green and
We yet find miseri

There be some friends, the few, the far between,
Who have been changeless friends from youth
to age :

Each chequered portion of our pilgrimage,
Their love has lighted with its lamp serene ;
In sorrow's lonesome grot,
Where others sought us not,
They ever spoke sweet words of hope and cheer ;
And the dark hour passed by
In full content and joy ;

Do we not seek them—love to have them near ?
In absence unforgotten, life of life,
Spots of repose 'mid the world's fret and strife ;
From time to time we clasp their hands below,
And trust no separate bliss in heaven to know.



THE PEARL.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

GO, find a friend, and where, oh where,
Is found that 'pearl' so pure and rare ?
Not every shell the waves of life
Cast in their lap of storm and strife,
Affords the gem to be enshrined
For ever in the constant mind.

Yet not in these 'the pearl' doth lie.
Its rougher bed, its homelier cell,
Let the deep gulf of Ormus tell.

Go, find a friend ;—in early youth
We dream the dreams of trust and truth ;
In every beauteous form we see,
Look for the pearl confidingly.
Pursue—possess—and find there dwells
No treasure in the empty shells.

Go, find a friend ;—he is not found
Always—where genius sheds around
Its dazzling phosphorescent light,
Like that which streaks the seas at night :

Go, find a friend, and first arise
To Him the 'ark' doth symbolize;
A friend in Jesus—who can need
Aught other than the 'Friend indeed'?
His favour found—the 'Pearl of price'—
Make life His willing sacrifice.

There may be hours of lonely pain,
Which earthly love would soothe in vain;
Nor life nor death have shades too deep
For Christ to watch the sufferer weep,
And gently dry each falling tear,
Saying, 'Fear not! for I am here.'

This Friend of friends, if thou hast tried,
For all thy need will still provide;
To Him His hidden ones are known,
Through every land His pearls are strewn;
Cast wheresoe'er thy lot shall be,
Some will find fellowship with thee.

And oh, when all these pearls are bound,
Those meek, once suffering brows around,
Each fitting here, in several way
To crown Him on that glorious day,
What matter how—what matter where—
So they at last are numbered there?

aves.

V WILLIAMS,

AND AFTERWARDS
R.

AND SKETCHING FOLIO.

's purest hues,
ur souls away
e they lose
s green array !
arkling rills,
distance dim,

Go where a hundred islets fair
May lovelier subjects yield than these ;
Mirror the mountain's cloud-like shades,
And image Raratonga's glades.

A hand your magic hues will spread
Perchance, while evening streaks the west,
Which beareth ' life unto the dead,'
From nobler toils awhile at rest :
That heart each moment fain would seize
Undying souls to seek and save,
And sound through all those southern seas
Tidings of worlds beyond the grave—
Parting from Albion's summits hoar,
For far Tahiti's palmy shore.

God speed the ship—the ship of peace !
Let adverse winds in caverns sleep ;
For her may storm and tempest cease,
And angels watch her o'er the deep.
At morn and even sacrifice,
Through all our homes this prayer be
poured,
That ocean's isles may now arise,
And bring their tribute to the Lord !
Singing the night of darkness past,
Millennial morning dawns at last.

VIEWED ON THE SEA-SHORE
HAVRE.

'TIS noon upon the waters,
And harvest on the lea !
From the shadow of the sheaves
Look out upon the sea !
Where the fishing vessel glides
White-winged unto its home ;
And the far-off billow rides
Each wave in silvery foam.

Faint blue is all the heaven,
Fair green is all the sea ;
The sleepy violet shadows,
How beautiful they be !
The golden grain and shining sand
Glimmer on the shore.

'Tis ready for the garner,
And this its song shall be,
'Tis noon upon the waters,
And harvest on the lea !

—o—

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER'S tints are golden,
Howe'er her skies be grey :
A light no clouds can shadow,
Attends her on her way.
The forest glows when she hath passed,
And touched its verdant leaves,
As constantly streamed o'er its head
The light of summer eves.

Like this the peace residing
In hearts by Heaven renewed ;
The gentle joys abiding,
In souls to Christ subdued !
Though life were all with clouds o'ercast,
Faith makes perpetual day ;
The brightness earthly suns ne'er gave,
They cannot take away.

rtle Leaves.

V E M B E R.

ember! dim and drear,
of the waning year,
of autumn shrouds
rky clouds,
red to the deep,
in shadow sleep;
they touch the shore,
ir pride no more.
art his sombre stay
russet grey?
come to cast

Playfully pursue the lights
Scattered on the nearer heights?
Here in solemn depths conceal,
There in sunny breaks reveal,
Spots which owe their fairy power
To the magic of the hour.
Thus to me hath sorrow shown
Comfort, else I ne'er had known
Friendship's light, more lovely made
By affliction's circling shade.



TO THE OCEAN.

B LUE vault of waters, vast and deep,
Wide as another sky,
How beautiful in noontide sleep,
Thy giant billows lie !
Unruffled space, and awful rest
In Heaven's broad cypher on thy breast.

Last night thy loud and angry roar
Answered each solemn cloud,
Sheet lightning to the trembling shore,
Showing thee in thy shroud.
The starless skies above thee spread,
Black as thine own sepulchral bed.

Of Him who numbereth all thy waves,
And fathometh thy million graves.

That voice hath ne'er been hushed in t
 Except when thou wert spread
All silent, shoreless, and sublime,
 A world beneath thee—dead.
The ark—on gliding o'er thy gloom—
Sole epitaph on Nature's tomb.

The earth hath lords ; the peasant bo
 Of mountains as his own.
But the wide sea, O God of hosts !
 Belongs to Thee alone ;
Nor man may print, nor time may trac
 Possession on its changeless face

Twin-born of Time, a day shall be
Of terror to the earth,
When judgment-vials poured on thee
Shall herald its new birth :
The sea, like blood congealed, shall lie,
And all that dwell therein shall die.¹

This sinful world by thy dark waves
Once cleansed and swept of old,
More fearful baptism yet must prove,
In Holy Writ foretold.
Baptism of fire for seas and skies,
Ere the 'new earth' revealed lies.²

Yet sure the glad millennial day
Thy changed face will see,
The glory when the isles obey³
The King of kings, O Sea !
And still beneath thy solemn waves,
Unrisen hosts will find their graves.

In after-time, with death and hell,⁴
Thou shalt yield all thy dead ;
And void before the great white throne,
Shalt leave thy darksome bed.

¹ Rev. xvi. 3.² 2 Pet. iii. 7.³ Ps. lxxii. 8-10.⁴ Rev. xx. 13.

[REDACTED]

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[REDACTED]

And, wondering, tread its giant stair
In sunlight, when the heavens are fair.

Short glimpses—else the waves possess
The temple they have worn,
And roll their loud and lonely bass
Thro' the dark arch in scorn,
As glorying that none shall share
In their Creator's worship there.

Oh, lavish wealth of power divine
This wondrous world contains,
Which, veiled as in this ocean shrine,
Age after age remains ;
And seemeth, in its shroud sublime,
To link Eternity and Time.

*LLYN CYNFAL,*

FESTINIOG, NORTH WALES.

WHEN the red thunder-cloud bursts on
Moel-Wyn,
Speed to Llyn Cynfal, nor heed for the rain ;
If a glimpse of the torrent thy courage shall win,
Thou'lt see it as ne'er thou mightst see it
again.

rues.

t are fittest array
t the young maiden

unshine and day.

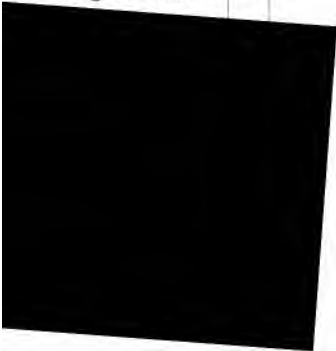
he spirits of air,
an and the lightning's

o the pools beneath,
terrible chambers of

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ecipitate there !

rt treading the same



G R I E F.

'Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds.'—*Macbeth*.

YES, mighty master, sleep shall still
 'Knit up care's ravelled sleeve ;'
And rest, too, in her ebon realms,
 Shall weary ones relieve.

And still through all the quiet land
 The same soft waters stray,
To lave the pain of aching limbs
 A little while away.

But tell me not that sleep hath power,
 Or cure, or rest, or calm
For the heart's wounds—that it should turn
 Their bitterness to balm.

When all deep feeling's chords have been
 To last endurance strung,
Till there might never further sound
 From the spent lyre be wrung ;

Around -
Which may see,
To whisper to the miserable,
That misery is a dream.

They may lift sorrow's ponderous load
One moment from the soul ;
'Tis but to edge its agony,
And not to make it whole.

They rend the gall a little while
From memory's bitter store ;
They'll cast it back into the heart,
More bitter than before.

No! Woe had rather watch and w
While nightly vigils steal ;
To link the past a d

THE DOWNS, BRIGHTON.

TO A LADY WHO USUALLY WENT BY THE
NAME OF 'ST. MARY.'

WHERE are the sweet St. Mary's
thoughts?

With the scene before her?

Are they of the calm blue sky,
The blue sky shining o'er her?

Scarce a cloud across it streams,
And the sun at noon

Mocks at Midsummer—and beams
In April as in June.

Hath she sent them far and wide,
With those fairy sails?

Sprinkled o'er the ocean-tide
By the sportive gales?

Else were the sea another sky ;
For not a wave's white crest

Upon the silvery surface breaks
The beauty of its rest.

We're sitting on a green hill-side,
And hills around us be,

Between whose swelling outline flows
That bright and silver sea ;

To reckon o'er and o'er.

The noise of waves upon the beach,
The town's far distant hum ;
If e'er these airy heights they reach,
As wandering sounds must come.
But for the speech of passer-by,
Or laugh of joyous child,
The lark alone is heard on high,
Trilling his matins wild.

Where are the sweet St. Mary's thoug
I deem the landscape's rest,
The sunshine of this happy hour,
Pervades her gentle breast ;
For e'en if aught of care or pain

And still they seek to muse His love
Such intervals of peace—
An earnest of that heaven above,
Where strife for aye shall cease.



MANY VOICES.

ON HEARING A SOSTENENTE PIANOFORTE¹
PLAYED BY ITS INVENTOR, A MUSICAL
GENIUS.

DORA ! 'tis o'er ; those rich low tones
Retiring, were the last ;
The strain has died in the halls of pride,
And the spell, like all things bright beside,
With the passing hour is past.
Devotion's trancing swells,
The distant vesper-bells,
All melody and might,
Lost in the quiet night.

'Tis o'er ; yet oft this strain will steal
Upon our evening dreams.

¹ The effect of this instrument is magical. By the use of different pedals, it imitates every other to perfection — trumpet, bugle, flute, harp, organ, Æolian harp, etc.

Warbled as by a bird,
Each thrilling tone anew,
And memory owned it true.

For music stood revealed that hour,
Its science and its soul ;
In cadence strong, with the voice of song,
How the chords of glory rolled along !
Till forth each feeling stole—
On 'trumpet' blast upborne,
Roused by the 'bugle-horn ;'
Eager to rally round,
Th' inspiring tide of sound.

The wind is abroad—ah, we know
Whence that sigh Æolian came !

The music of the spheres hath passed ;
Mingle sweet flute and lyre ;
Unseen ye came, yet we know ye came,
Tho' still th' enchanter sits the same.
Did ages past aspire,
By pipes of varied kind,
To sway th' immortal mind ?
This hath the triumph won,
To blend their tones in one !



THE BIRCHEN TREE.

IN ILLUSTRATION OF A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH
BY A FRIEND ON THE SYDENHAM HILLS, THE
SITE OF THE PRESENT CRYSTAL PALACE.

O H, how I love to look upon this page
Of Nature's book ! and how I fear to trust
The feelings which it wakes, unto cold words,
Lest Poesy, which here in silence breathes,
n utterance should depart !

A stilly nook,
nook where stillness would alone have reigned,
brightness had not come to be its guest.
at fairy Tree, which hath itself beheld
very self—true as in glassy tarn

Whose graceful
In the greenwood, revealing
A waste of purple heather and wild thyme

We made a nest amid its beds of bloom ;
And thou, O gifted friend ! didst, gazing,
Thou hadst been onward lured, against thy
To loveliest spot at last. Thou fain hadst
On the hill-side, where oft bewitching gl
Of soft blue distance broke thro' parted bra
Beseeching thy bright pencil ; but this
This eminence of all, rewards delay
With subjects fairest. We had clim
heights

Which in their robe of woods shut in
Whose highest trees are our horizon
Whose delicate fringe the strea
in how touch

Sometimes defined, and sometimes indistinct,
Like buildings in a dream. Thy pencil chose
A point where summits softened into clouds,
Seemed like blue sea ; and plains by sunbeams
lit,

Were as a lake's calm floor, reflecting heaven,
With mimic islets, and soft shady shores.
Such distance well contrasted foreground bold
And broken ; underwood and wilding spray,
And sparkling gem, full worth such careful
setting,

The one bright birchen Tree.

I will not grieve
To think this precious gift, this perfect skill
To take possession of fair forms, and fix
Rich tints before they fade, hath not been mine ;
This scene, to thee a new delight—for years
Has had its living likeness in my heart,
Making sweet summer there.

Those dark green woods
Were ever spread before my childhood's eye,
And first I loved them as a child, because
I saw them always from my father's door ;
And then I loved them with a new wild love,
As linked with youth's romance of varied hours ;
Its radiant joys and sorrows, fancied real,
Had mystical relation to these shades ;

... more than mere reality.

And now in riper years, when earth i
To be a wilderness, with all its charms,
Seeking for rest, my spirit often pines
To leave awhile the trifling, vexing crow
When it is ruffled into feverish heat ;
When it is stirred, and its smooth surface
By change and care, I suffer it to seek
The calm society of woods and streams :
Their gentle whispers oft restore content,
And hush repining. They are quiet frien
Who never vex full hearts with idle questi
But look in silence back their own sweet s
And teach their own serene tranquillity
To wounded spirits.

A LETTER FROM A NORWOOD GIPSY.
WRITTEN FOR A FANCY SALE FOR THE
NORWOOD SCHOOLS.

SO, Mortal, thou art come
To learn of me thy doom,
And what is hid for thee
In dim futurity ;
Come, cross my hand with gold,
Ere its secrets can be told.

When the moon her cycle fills
Amid these haunted hills
(For ages past our home),
My wizard sisters roam,
And scan with coal-black eye
The cyphers of the sky ;
I ween those cyphers be
As dark to them as thee.

In solemn woods to stray,
I love no less than they ;
But of late, I own 'tis true,
I've found something else to do.
Tho' I hate to live by rule,
Yet I've put myself to school,
And have learned (you see) to write
As fairly as I might.

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On the tablet of your hands
How the dark future stands !
If the line of life be crost,
And in line of death be lost ?
Where the line of fortune tends ?
And the line of Venus ends ?
Ah, long as maidens live,
They'll be fools enough to give
Whatever they can spare
To know the shape and air
Of him who, ere my telling,
In their heart of hearts is dwelling.

Oh, silly, silly lassie !
If I told you, told you true ;
You are thinking more of him
Than he ever thinks of you.
Nay ! the truth I will not say,
For falsehood wins the day,
And no flattery—no pay !

I really should not spurn
Philosopher to turn ;
But as the world is made,
Mine own's the better trade.
For Fortune, ancient queen,
Befriends my red cloak's sheen.

Yet all men seek her still,
And so they ever will !
The wisest fain would learn
What next her wheel will turn.
And manhood's brow of pride,
That flings charms and spells aside
Hath yet its 'golden dreams,'
Hath yet its 'magic schemes,'
More wild than most of mine,
In hieroglyphic line.

My wand is here to-day,
You have only now to say
That you fain would study more
Of my cabalistic lore.
There are many here around

THE HOME OF THE SHARK.

AN OCEAN VIVARIUM.

A MONSTER'S home, and yet no dark-
some den,
He made his palace in an ocean glen,
Most fair, and far retired in southern seas ;
And Staffa's isle in the old Hebrides
Rears not its arch of basalt from a floor
So richly paven.

The same sun doth pour
Into the depths of each lone cave his ray,
Waking to crimson, violet, gold, and grey,
The solemn grandeur of their fretted walls,
As is his wont in Neptune's secret halls,
And those alone. And the same moon at night
Filleth their silence with her silver light ;
Piercing the smooth green waters that have
found

A place of rest, in rocky girdle bound.
I ken the wealth of Staffa, but I deem,
More like the scenery of a fairy dream,
This nameless cavern.

From the roof depending
Long stalactites, with pearly points descending.

As in enchanted slumber. Here from ro
 Of crimson coral, springs a feathery shoo
 Of vegetable life—tall, delicately fine !
 And to the surface tending ; there, entw
 In tracery round each rocky point, a net
 Of fibres of all hues, in which is set
 Ofttimes the ocean fan. A column shaft,—
 The pale green stem of fucus,—doth enwaf
 Another ocean plant, with broad leaves spr
 Across a rocky arch. While, drooping red
 From shelving ledge, a thousand more impin
 A Nereid's bower ! and 'mid such verd
 fringe,
 Arauna, Teira, Cheotodon, straying,
 With silvery vest, and stripes of azure
 People the coral

COLUMBUS TO THE INDIAN.

'In this great man's first voyage of discovery, 1492, having explored St. Salvador and Cuba, he was proceeding to Hayti, when the ship overtook a single Indian in a canoe. He had a mere morsel of bread and a calabash of water, with a string of glass beads, such as they had given at St. Salvador, showing he came from thence, and was probably passing from island to island to give notice of the ships. Columbus admired the hardihood of this simple voyager, making such an extensive expedition in so frail a bark. He took him and his canoe on board, fed him, and landed him with abundance of presents.'—*Life of Christopher Columbus, by Washington Irving.*

HAIL to thee, kindred spirit, the fearless
and the free !

Alone and unattended, tracking the ocean sea.
From far thy little bark I have anxiously
espied,

A speck upon the waters, and now thou'rt by
my side.

As the 'white men from heaven,' thou hast
heard of us before,

That string of beads was brought from a distant island shore ;

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tle bark

or seized

thee not

Ah, who of all my civilised, of all my dastard
train,
Had ever dared, as thou hast done, to plough
the unknown main ?

No ; they are cold and heartless, their ardour
ever failing ;
And ever, at the thought of ill, their woman-
courage quailing ;
While at me the darts of treachery and mutiny
are hurled ;
Though guiding them to conquest and posses-
sion of a world !

Thou art one of the noble few to be found in
every clime,
Whose daring intellect outstrips their dark
and bigot time ;
Who in joy, but most in sorrow, by land or
on the sea,
Do ever hold communion, and such I hold
with thee !



aves.

S

AFTER QUEEN VIC-
CITY OF LONDON
MBER 1837.

morning dawns, as

have in daylight

ce wakes from a

a meet and stir-

what yesterday



Whilst here and there the cold grey stones, in
their massive contrast, rose
To the warm tints of moving life, and all its
glittering shows.

The sun looked down for one brief hour, as in
joy on sight so fair,
The three estates of England's might, in con-
cord meeting there :
The Queen has passed confidingly through
her proud city's wards ;
No need of warriors round her, for her people
were her guards.

How the dark war-horse paws in peace and
gentleness the ground ;
Nor tramples on the wild glad throng, who so
fearless stand around !
Whilst his rider's lance but flashes back the
glory and the glow
Of the scarlet and the silver, of the ebon and
the snow.

They led thee to the banquet-hall, fair Lady
of the isles,
Where gold and gems were lavished, to be-
seech thy gracious smiles ;

~~THE FAIRIES~~

Then fairies lit thy progress home,
palace of thy sires,
Thy name was gleaming everywhere, in
but harmless fires ;
The solemn dome of old St. Paul's, in ;
ing splendours drest,
Had veiled his own dim majesty, to gr
regal guest.

And ere that night thy crowned head
the pillow of its rest,
How many thoughts, Victoria, must
stolen through thy breast !
In thy mother's arms a moment wa
~~change fatigue beguiled~~

To warn, to guide, to comfort thee, in thy all
too anxious way,
That early weight of care, I deem, she lifts it
as she may.

And there is One, beloved Queen, thy God,
and hers indeed,
Who has strength for all thy weakness, and
wisdom for thy need ;
The welfare of these glorious realms, He has
laid it in thine hand,
Entreat His guidance where to move, and
entreat it where to stand.

Thy reign hath a bright beginning, and 'mid
faction's strife and rage
Fear not,—thou art on the threshold of a fair
millennial age ;
' God grant thee grace and glory,' was thy
sainted father's prayer,¹
And to cast thy crown in Heaven before HIM
who reigneth there !

¹ An interesting evidence of the Duke of Kent's devotional feelings is recorded by a friend, who writes thus: 'Two or three evenings previous to his visit to Sidmouth, I was at Kensington Palace; and on my rising to take leave, the Duke intimated his wish that

WITH A COPY OF WORDSWORTH'S POETRY
ON ITS RETURN FROM THE STUDY OF MR. C. N.
WHOM IT HAD BEEN LENT FOR A MONTH

WELL, Wordsworth, and so here
art again,

My joy and treasure! Since we parted,
Have met none like thee, Nature's p
Declare

What welcome has been given thine exce
By him to whom I sent thee?—Reverenc
Has genius paid to genius?

I should see the infant Princess in her cot; adding
it may be some time before we meet again, I
like you to see the child, and give her your ble
The Duke preceded me into the little Princess's
and on my closing a short prayer that, as she en

WORDSWORTH.

A welcome slight ; and reverence not at all ;
Why did you send me ? He did not invite,
Nor has he understood. Why wished you me
To breathe such learned air ? and how could
you
Expect me to receive reception better,
As not being written in Greek, or in Black
Letter ?

Master and friend,—I pray, forgive thy
pupil !
'He has not understood !' I sent thee, sure,
To one who aught he chose could understand.

WORDSWORTH.

He did not choose, then, to understand me,
Not being an old book ; and he hates moderns,
One and all. E'en my outside pleased him
not ;
And for the spirit that doth in me dwell,
He did not seek it ; 'twas not worth his while :
He only stalks with Milton's majesty,
And cannot stoop to note the weeds that broider
Life's daily path.

WORDSWORTH.

All the worse for that
In his eyes.—Popery, I find, he hates ;
And e'en conformity in least degrees,
Down to a gown and bands ! No pulpit-ct
Indeed for him. ' Wood and the word ' ;
In politics we two should never meet ;
How dreamed you that we should ?
 principles
He calls,—/ , prejudices.

I sent thee not to him for Politics,
But for the sake of holier Poesy ;
His converse with the spirits of old time,

For sunbeams here and there, among the
steeps
Of lofty science, such as thou hast made
For lesser minds, amid life's daily cares.
Couldst thou not win him to thy mountain
haunts,
With voice of rills? what, not with thy
'Recluse'
Could he find tranquil sympathies?

WORDSWORTH.

At least
He would not; for more sweet than mountain
air,
The noxious fragrance of Virginian leaf
He deemeth ever; and its fuming wreaths
Compose him to serenest meditation.
He hath no need of me.

Thou hast not tried thy moral power on him;
He loves simplicity, and kindliness
Of nature meets in him with kindliness
Responsive. Thou dost 'love each living thing,
And every flower that blows'—the last and
best
Accomplishment of greatest minds! He feels,

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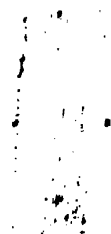
III.

Ivy Leaves;

OR,

DOMESTIC POEMS.

' IVY LEAVES in Germany are much used to adorn the interiors of happy homes, and among these are found from time to time ORANGE BLOSSOMS twined for inmate after inmate ere each in turn departs. The MAY BLOSSOMS are Rhymes for Children.'





IVY LEAVES.



THE OLD HOME.

ON LEAVING A RESIDENCE OF MANY YEARS.

CAN any kindred band depart,
Unheeding, from their place of rest,
When years have made the sheltered nest
Warm to the heart?
Albeit another home be found,
Will not the hearth once circled round
Still live in memory's chart?
For love, like Ivy, oftenest twines
In freshness o'er forsaken shrines.

The home where human hearts have shared
Succeeding scenes of joy and care,
Ah ! silent things have voices there !
It oft hath fared

...remembered flower or tree,
With an old friendship's sympathy.

Yes ! some can ne'er forget that her
First-love was nursed of bud and bel
And first in nature found a spell,
Which, year by year,
Has strengthened in the enthusiast so
Its power to brighten and console ;
In grief to soothe and cheer,
And crown the cup which pleasure br
With sparkling drops from purest spri

And set apart in this dear home
Some spot ...

Friendship hath made, amid these bowers,
Its sweetest music to our ears ;
Kindled our hopes and hushed our fears,
 In bygone hours.

More fondly still, remembrance broods
Over those cherished solitudes,
 Which will no more be ours.
And oh, it hallows all the ground,
If here the Pearl of price was found !

Where melted first the heart of stone,
Where first was sought the ear of Heaven ;
Where peace was felt, and sin forgiven
 By blood alone—

The soul subdued must gladly raise
Its lowly hymn of grateful praise ;
 And ever love to own
How fire by night, and cloud by day,
Have guided since its onward way.

The fire upon our altar dies !
The traveller's staff is in our hand,
And girded to depart, we stand !
 Here let there rise

— — — — — and a Friend,
Who ne'er shall change till time shall ex-

And will that Father still bestow
His blessing when our hearts are glad,
His comfort when those hearts are sad,
Where'er we go?

Then calmly forward may we press,
Nor fear to meet the bitterness

Of any lot below,
In hope that we at last shall rise
To homes enduring in the skies.



' We meet '—that most pleasant word it saith ;
' We meet ' with a joyous love and faith ;
A household once, although scattered far
To homes of our own, as others are ;
' We meet,' erewhile in this hour of glee,
Our darlings dance round the Christmas Tree.

Happy the hour ! for the Tree is set
On a Father's hearth in his vigour yet,
And a Mother's eye with his, can smile
On dearest treasures restored awhile,
Whom she reared of old with the care and zeal
Which now for their own beloved they feel.

Happy the hour ! for the year hath past
On to its close ; and no stormy blast
Of sorrow deep, or bereavement drear,
Hath swept o'er the whole wide circle here ;
Where the lowering cloud had cast its shade,
More precious the after light was made.

To those afar, who mix not in the glee
That circleth around the sparkling Tree,
Our love up-springeth, as true as if here,—
All joy to each through the dawning year !
May it bear beneath its yet folded wings
His blessing, which blesseth all other things !

There will, there must, come a wintry
When a Tree like this can bloom no more
The joyous rhyme will be changed for th
O'er the graves of those now glad some h
We are children all, of change and clay,
And the world we live in is passing away

By a pure river,¹ in realms of bliss,
There spreadeth a fairer Tree than this !
All manner of fruit each month it bears,
And its very leaves for healing spares ;
Come, every one, and in Jesu's love,
Seek 'right' to the Tree of Life above.

'Twas God's year of release and of liberty,
When the weary might rest, and the slave go
free.

'Twas thus, 'twas thus, in the world's young day,
With the chosen race, now cast away ;
It *shall* be thus in Christ's coming reign,
When rebel Judah is born again.
The hard heart of ages, with anguish torn,
Shall 'look upon Him whom she pierced, and
mourn ;'
And then, her long night of rejection and scorn
Pass away in the breaking millennial morn !

As yet the Jew hath his birthright spurned,
The Lord hath long to the Gentiles turned !
We tread the path that the fathers trod ;
'Tis a progress marked and watched of God ;
And we bend our knee, and we lift our eyes,
To the God of the wide world's families,
Who calls us this day, in His love and His
peace,
To honour and welcome the year of release.

Oh ! parents dear, and made yet more dear,
As departeth each successive year ;
Whose presence soothes in the hour of pain,
Whose sympathy ne'er is sought in vain,

What answer
A mother's prayers when those years beg
As a sure defence before ye ran ;
God heard her prayer for her only son,
And early taught him to raise his own.
Life hath not been to thee a stormy sea,
For the blessing of Heaven hath followed
When tempest, or peril, or wreck thou
feared,
By thy mother's God how thy way hat
cleared !

Leaning throughout on a mighty arm,
So guarded and sheltered, safe from ha
From the strife of tongues, and of evil :
God's blessing again and again.

With smiles review, yet bedew it with tears,
The map of the mercies of fifty years ;
With here a record, and there a stone,
To be read by thee and thy Shepherd alone ;
Thy treasure of Time that remaineth shall be
Afresh dedicate unto Eternity.

And oh that the blessing which sure is thine,
May never, dear father, depart from thy line !
May none be missing when God shall claim
The men who have loved and honoured His
name !

Each son and each daughter to thee ever given,
Mayst thou humbly lead to thy Father in heaven,
Saying, 'Lord, here are all redeemed by Thy love,
All those whom Thou gavest me numbered
above.'

This day—'tis a Pisgah in Time's broad waste,
We dare not, we wish not, to pass it in haste ;
As on the hill-brow with our parents we stand,
We gaze with desire on the Promised Land :
This steep, in God's strength, they have safely
gained,

In gentle descent may they still be sustained !
May riches or losses, the smile or the rod,
Bid us each love and trust in our fathers' God !

My brother : thy name is a sacred
It hath e'er been precious in f
years ;

But it never fell with so sweet a claim

On my ear, so moving my heart to tear
As it does in this year, whose dawn hath s
On the sunny brow of our *own* dear child

For his little life is an open page,

Where I read the debt which to thee is
How countless and nameless the tender c
Which thou hast forgotten, and I scarce k
Can I feel the love which he needs from
And not turn to the past, and think on th

'Tis sweet to trace to its earliest birth

To my Mother on her Birthday. 137

Thou hast tireless stood, e'en when danger
tried,

And watching had wearied all else but thee :
I felt in thy step, and heard in thy tone,
The comfort that comes from a mother alone.

Thou hast touched the brow of the hill of time,
Thou hast set thy face to the vale of years :
And for me, who have yet that steep to climb,
And to meet the hosts of its hopes and fears,
How oft thou'rt seeking to smooth the way,
And warn of thy slips in a former day !

As the upward path I am toiling along,
In this world where joy without care is not—
Weeping sometimes—but oft too with a song
Of praise to Him who so mingles our lot :
May God grant me grace to my child to be
The friend that my Mother has been to me !

The burden and heat of the day have worn
Thy once gay spirits to sober tone ;
May those thou hast nurtured in youth and
strength

Never leave thee now to thy load alone !
'Twere bliss if to thee I one pain could spare,
Or *soften* one sorrow, or lighten one care.

page,

Be it mine to point thee where sunbeams —

Away from earth's shadows thy soul to engage,
Beyond and above the small troubles of time
May love lead us together in flight sublime

There's a world to which, in the days of old

Thou hast often guided my childhood's eye
Let us gaze from afar on its gates of gold,

By the glass of faith bring it daily nigh :
And oh, in that world, ever side by side,
My Mother, may thou and thy child abide

—o—

TO THE SAME,

And five swift rolling years have fled
Since last, I think, I sang or said,
How mother's love in heart of mine,
More closely bound my heart to thine.
What further can I sing or say,
But this, with added love, to-day?

Time, Change, and Death—those mighty
powers,
For ever on earth's fairest bowers
Inscribing 'Ichabod,' have riven
From us no gift that God had given ;
And yet He multiplies the store :
Oh for glad hearts to praise Him more !

In years to come, how fondly back
Will memory scan life's present track !
These summer eves, so bright and still ;
These sunsets fair, o'er stream and hill ;
These waving trees, those brilliant flowers :
This rich repose, so fully ours !

Nor sooner shall reflection tire
Of thoughts on the glad winter fire ;
The blazing logs that flashed on tiles,
Like the large hearths of Gothic piles ;
And the wide circle meeting there,
Eve's pleasant converse closed with prayer.

Yet will

And deem for them no lowering —
Can darken, on this sinful earth,
Now travailing for nobler birth?

Here, oftentimes, our hopes of joy
Meet in fruition such alloy,—
A cloud so dark, with sullen dye,
Can gloom athwart the purest sky,
That earth's most sheltered vales w
We own the power of woe and sin

But yet in prophecy appears
A day—'As of a thousand years':
A day remaining to the Lord,
And clearly imaged in His word,
When Christ upon the earth sha

TO A BROTHER

ON HIS COMING OF AGE.

WHAT garland, dear one, shall I weave
for thee

On this thy natal day? No skill is mine
To twine for thy young brows a classic wreath
(The Grecian laurel springs not in our vale).
Small clustering cares and joys, of household
kind,

Do now oft fetter, too, my woman's heart,
From roving as it did in times of old :
But yet the sight of thee, and erst the sound
Of thy fraternal lyre, have touched the strings
Of mine, long silent ; and it must pour forth
A few fond notes of welcome and of love.

My brother, thine has been a thoughtful youth—
A youth of deeper thought than most men's
age—

And still, with all thy philosophic lore,
Thou hast a poet's heart—a sympathy
With all things beautiful, a happy power
To cull from nature and from common life

~~There hast thou seen the paths of men,~~
The din of traffic, and the paths of gain,
For holier things than these—that thou may
 prove

‘Wise to win souls’ from the wide realms of
We touch on solemn times : division, change
Disruption, mark the world’s advancing age
And I oft ponder on thy destiny
Amidst it all, young aspirant, with prayer
That God, who hath bestowed rich gifts
 mind,

And turned that mind toward Himself, and
 keep

Thee lowly at thy suffering Saviour’s feet,
And fill thee with His Holy Spirit’s power,
Then use thee as He will.—

Will we forget thee, and with thoughts of thee,
The calm retiring light of summer eves
Shall ever mingle at the hour of prayer.

And now, farewell. May covenant blessings
rest

Upon thy head in manhood's ripening years !
Earth's honours are but tinsel in thy sight ;
I'll wish thee gifts from heaven. If e'er thy name
Fame's trumpet echo in our quiet dales,
Listening, we will not love thee more than now.



*TO A CHILD WEEPING AT ITS
MOTHER'S KNEE.*

CHERUB!—we watched thy blue and
laughing eyes,
Grave and more grave, with growing ardour fix
On her, thy Mother ; and we saw thee press
Near to her side, and nearer, as the tale
Thine infant feelings touched, of deep disgrace,
And fear that waits on crime, by urchin known
Young as thyself ; and then there came sweet
words

Of pardon, such as mothers only grant,
And kiss of love, by love alone denied !
And thou couldst bear no more—the quiet
Came trickling, and would come, the
brushed away
In shame, and hidden by the little hand,
Adown thy dimpled cheek.

Ah, weep, sweet child,
We ne'er so loved thy smile—thy joyous smile
There hath sprung up within thine heart to
A fount of tender feeling, pity's own,
And memory o'er it seeks to raise a shrine
On may it flow for ever, till a tide
Of wide philanthropy, noiseless and deep,

TO THE SAME BROTHER

ON HIS LEAVING ENGLAND FOR AUSTRALIA.

THOU goest—where? departing one,
Thy mother's loved and youngest son
About to cross the southern deeps,
To a clime that wakes while Europe sleeps.
In that young continent of hope,
To seek for effort wider scope,
Which now beneath her island skies,
The crowded fatherland denies.

Thou goest—where? afar, alone ;
Affection, still to boding prone,
Fears that thou oft shalt need the care
Of kindred ; wishes thee a share,
'Midst brethren not compelled to roam
To win the dear delights of home ;
Faints at the thought of distance dim,
And weeps to pour thy parting hymn.

The snow is on our summer-seats,
Frozen and chill the vale's retreats ;
High piled the logs on winter-fires,
And when their genial blaze expires,

And spring comes forth to walk the wood
Thy spirit from the pathless floods
Shall send a sigh towards home, while we
Go forth in spirit unto thee.

Yes, we shall miss thy footfall light,
Bewail the 'uncle' gay and bright,
Who came at summer eves to tell
Of all that in the town befell ;
Recall the mirthful days of yore,
Days of the undivided 'four,'
Whose ringing laughter peals around
The board, our graver voices drowned.

How, one by one, that gamesome crew
Have parted off in order due

With thee and us will still abide
The memories of that mountain-side :
Be Lough Rigg Fell, and Langdale Glen,
Our watchwords till we meet again !

Home's spells are on thee, and where'er
Thou goest, we follow thee with prayer :
We know not what temptations may
The vigour of thy faith assay ;
May make the wrong the right appear,—
Show thee thyself, and bid thee fear :
The enemy of souls we dread,
But trust in Christ our living head.

God speed thee o'er the ocean's breast,
Provide thee fellowship and rest,
In many a fold across the deep,
Known to the Shepherd of the sheep ;
And 'midst awaiting whirl of change,
Succession fast of faces strange,
May secret converse with thy Lord
Daily support and strength afford !

Once we were nine, one hearth beside,
Though now north, south, and west abide
The links of the far-severed chain ;
Still weal or woe, and joy or pain

Though birth or death were passi

Still one in thought, and one in h
We'll cast thee a bright horoscope
Go, mark the wonders of the deep
In seas where branching corals sw
Let Nature all her gifts impart,
Sunrise and sunset touch thine hea
And, gazing round thee, feast thine
On flowers and stars of southern sl

If there should chance thy path to
Some sad heart suffering pain or lo
Be to that heart a friend in need,
Point it to Christ, 'the Friend inde
Make known the Spirit's love

And with experience richly fraught,
And wisdom for thy manhood taught,
Return, redeem thy youthful vow,
Be to us dear as thou art now !



TO G. F. W.

ON HIS FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

THE world lies all before thee,
Thy childhood's dreams are o'er ;
Life, like a sunlit sea at morn,
Tempts thee to leave the shore.
Thy little bark is trimmed with care,—
A mother's love, a father's prayer,
The favouring gale implore ;
And crave that Heaven will kindly guide
Their treasure o'er the treacherous tide.

Hope lightens o'er thy brow,
Joy dances in thine eyes ;
Nor cloud nor shadow makest thou
Along the horizon rise.

Has made some bark like thine its prey

This, time erewhile shall teach thee ;
Life will not pass away,
And leave the rose-lights of thy lot
Fresh as they are to-day.
As yet, the world is bright and strange
When it is full of care and change,
Then turn thee back, and lay
Thine hopes and fears alike to rest,
Upon the hearts that love thee best.

How did a sister hail
Each kindling of the soul,

Yet, if I prayed to read
The folded roll of fate,
It would not be with pride to mark
Thee noble, rich, or great :
Nor should I hope to read thy name
Enshrined upon the page of fame,
But pass to heaven's gate,
And gaze into its temple fair,
To see if thou hadst entered there !

Beloved !—wouldst thou choose
A guide unto that land,
Whose voice the winds and sea obey ?
Behold Him, waiting, stand !
It cannot be that blush of shame
Crimsons thy cheek to own His name.
Oh, clasp His piercèd hand !
Then part in peace ! Such aid divine
Be evermore to thee and thine.



For wonder faine I wolde her s
So mogle it enchanted me,
That when I saw her on a morn
I was warished of all my sortov
Of all day after, till 'twere eve,
Methoughten nothings might n

SOME grace of outward form
Thus waked the harp of e
'Tis crumbled long to dust, I w
And lives but in this deathles
The chiselled lip, the vermeil cl
The liquid eyes, whose lustr
Could once beyond expression s
Have sated now the worm's c

But. O my Sister. yester-eve

Like a young bird encaged and bound,
It late had struggled to be free ;
But Satan clasped its fetters round,
Till Jesus whispered, ' Come to me !'
And now it seeks His lighter yoke,
Its wings are fain to soar above ;
The spells of pride and doubt He broke,
For He is power, and He is love.

The ancient master of the lyre
Had longed his queenly fair to see,
But ne'er so fervent his desire
As ours for day like this to thee.
There's one in heaven, my precious child,
Who early left a world of sin ;
Oh, how that brother would have smiled
To mark thy Christian course begin !

Thou scarce his image mayst retain,
Thou knewest not his soft, dark eye,
Playing beside his couch of pain,
In curly-headed infancy !
' *His* baby,' oft he named thee, ere
God called him to his heavenly home ;
And he will welcome thee whene'er
Thou also to that rest shall come.

Of prayer gone up at eventide
A father oft hath prayed su
Nor is a mother's hope denie
And I would claim a sister'

Another joins our pilgrim ban
Another heart is set on high
Another drawn by grace to st
Apart from earthly vanity !
Another owns the Pearl of pr
The balm for all life's vario
The light that leads to Paradi
The good which the void h

Yes ! if thou shall find who can

Tears tremble in thy softened eye,
As grieved for sin thy spirit feels,
The tears that Jesus loves to dry,
The grief that Jesus gladly heals.
Seek Him in silence day by day,
Go, softly walk in faith and prayer ;
Lead others in the narrow way,
May all thy kindred meet thee there !



Orange Blossoms.

TO J. B. W.

ON HIS MARRIAGE, MAY 1837.

A PAGE this morn doth open lie,
New in our household's history ;
No record light of infant years,
No tale of childhood's smiles and tears :
With deeper, tenderer theme it burns,
An eager hand that record turns.

My brother ! yes, we haste to meet,
With bridal hymn, and welcome sweet,
The hours which all thine hopes fulfil ;
A moment only turn thee still,—

Back to our ~~home~~

Thou art, amongst us all, the
These earliest links of life to
This threshold thou wilt cross
To feel 'tis home as heretofore
For now another hearth shall
Fairer and dearer unto thee.

Thy lightsome step we would
Speed on the wings of joy and
Go, win thy young and blue
Without thy Mary at thy side
The lay of love we will no
It wakes for thee alone no

Another heart, another h

Thy father's hearth will lonely be
At first, without thy smiles and thee !

See the kind beams in friendship's eye,
As all thy bright young train pass by !
Most whom we love are here ; but say,
Does holier presence grace the day ?
And seek we Cana's Guest Divine,
To turn the water into wine ?

One reverend head, whose crown of snow
Is in the quiet grave laid low,
Had oft foretold how holy bands
Would in the future join these hands ;
Unseen, perchance he lingers near,
And ministers an angel here.

His way to heaven he meekly trod,
Belovèd, choose your father's God ;
Nor from your fathers' altars turn
Without a living coal to burn,
When bending at Jehovah's throne,
Ere long ye humbly raise your own.

As yet no cloud around ye lowers,
Your earthly path is strewn with flowers ;
May every bloom with beauty rife
Be watered by the stream of life ;

BRIDE OF A MISSIONARY.

E!—this is a thrilling word
all about to own
and tender ties conferred
one word alone ;
y robe, and ring of gold,
oving heart and hand enfold.

it needs a loving heart
n, for whom a bride
s with all she loves to part,
splanted to his side ;
ildhood's home for ever leaving
t with his for ever weaving.

To some the page of life unrolls,
Nor fixes them afar,—
The daughter, though a wife, consoles
Parental hearts that are
Towards her as fondly tending still,
As hearts parental ever will.

Yet not to all—such mingling loves,
A missionary's bride
Forsakes for him her heart approves,
Severed by spaces wide :
'Home, friends, and country,' sister dear,
With thee we thus are parting here !

Didst thou for gold on travel speed
To India's clime of fire,
Though pearls and rubies were thy meed,
I could not tune my lyre
To bid thee pass in gladness on,—
It should but wail that thou wert gone.

'Tis not for gold ! A track of light
Is on the dark blue sea ;
Go forth, thy Master doth invite,—
That track is marked for thee :
The balm of Gilead to bestow,
Messenger to the heathen,—go !

To whom
'Twere poorly changed, -
Empress in palace halls ;
Than sent of Jesus to proclaim,
In humble love, His saving name,

When he to whom thy plighted vow
With solemn token sealed,
For ever surely binds thee now,
Is weary in the field,
It will be thine to soothe and che
And thine to bid him 'persevere

When darkness round him clou
Point to his heavenly light !
Aid him to make the wounded
And chase the shades of nig
the fight of

from our sight,
gain ;
circle bright,
missing then.
ds may rest in clay,
as low as they.

or here or there,
ve and love ;
who win most souls,
im above.
, on life's fair shore,
unce part us more.

—o—

ID TO THE BRIDE.

say Farewell to thee !'
blessing love will breathe,
r thee to-day !
r will friendship wreathe,
yful way.
: shall twine thee chaplet
every tribute there.

—L—



With each glad smile to greet thee as a
Mingles a tear to miss thee from my side

The day hath dawned—a glittering tr
Have trod yon hallowed aisle ;
And when the sun shall rise again,
Thou and thine own sweet smile
No more shall greet me at thy father's
And I shall feel thou art mine own no

Mine own no more—our separate wa
Henceforth through life we take ;
Somewhat thou wilt of bygone days
Remember for my sake.
To me, my heart's own friend, thy gent
Is linked with all the happy dreams of

And yet I have not loved thee best
For thy lyre's thrilling sound ;
More precious still the quiet rest
In thy calm spirit found.
Affection's trust and love's serene repose
In free glad converse with the heart it knows.

The few have marked thy modest worth,
The many knew thee not ;
One, dearest now to thee on earth,
Seeks that thou share his lot.
Forgive me that mine eyes with tears are dim ;
Go, pour thine heart's deep treasures out for him.

Go, cheer him with thy beaming smile,
The halcyon of his nest ;
Go, charm with every gentle wile
The haven of his rest.
Be more to him, if more thou yet canst be,
Be more to him than thou hast been to me.

I HAD a harp in days of
With few and simple :
I never dreamed 'twas shad
With fabled Muses' wing
Apollo lent no classic fire,
It was a wild and homely ly

It hung beside my father's
And as Affection swept
Its chords Æolian, various
It warbled or it wept :
Meeting with sad or joyous
The mournful or the festal

Now to a cot I call my own
Transplanted, here and

It mingles in their joys and woes,
With sympathies untold.
And now and then the harp will break
Its wonted silence—for their sake.

This bridal day divides and binds
With solemn vow and seal,—
Two loved ones from the kindred bands,
Who have been wont to kneel
One altar round—it must divide,
To bind them to each other's side.

Now welcome to connubial state,
Brother and sister dear ;
Ye enter it with hope elate,
Chastised by holy fear.
When bridal glitter wanes away,
Deeper and tenderer feelings stay.

'Tis not a path so thornless found,
As hope unchastened dreams ;
Yet oh, how fair its measured bound
To hearts united seems !
For sin subdued, and self denied,
Can make it bliss, whate'er betide.

Go, pluck each flower that strews your
God bids them blossom there,—
Fair seeds, and few, from Eden's bowe
Left in this world of care.
If thorns shall wound, His love can heal
That love both brier and flower reveal.

For you, may every fleeting year
But faster knit these ties !
Suffering can each to each endear,
And train ye for the skies.
And joys, those joys *together* known,
Will double all ye felt alone.

High aims are yours, and firm intent —

irest cup is dashed with gall,
streak its brightest sky ;
at it prove the Christian's *all*,
'er his soul should fly,
he cup of heavenly bliss,
for brighter skies than this.

our cup, and bright your sky,
l ; blessings be
d's bounteous hand hath showered,
unt, choice, and free—
all reach Heaven's sacred shore,
l of blessing, ' need no more.



THE NEW HOME.

ANT and bright the flower-strewn

the bridegroom leads the bride
home in fair array,
her there in love and pride !
t shall prompt a bridal lay
ch home awaits to-day.

was breathing from the landscape
Where lake-like river, far away,
Received the sinking orb of day.

Blue distant hills and rich champaign
The site commands, and, wondrous
The railroad sweeping o'er the plain,-
Man's giant march o'er God's wide
Beyond, the Thames on its broad breast
Cradles the wealth of East and West.

And oh, how fair in nearer view,
The village spire, the dark wood side
The smoke of hamlet curling blue,
The old grey tower that elm-trees hide
Such tranquil scenes have softening power

And here, we thought, there shall unfold
Life's mingled page of joys and cares,
For these young hearts of loving mould,
Dear children of their fathers' prayers :
Here a new altar rise to heaven,
For all the gifts their God has given.

Here may they learn to know the Lord,
And feel His Spirit's influence high ;
May rule their household by His word,
And walk with Him confidently ;
Chastised in mercy by the rod,
If they forsake their fathers' God.

And if most dear the earthly joy
Each in the other's heart shall find,
'Twill nothing of that bliss destroy,
To taste it with a heavenly mind :
The happiest home is but a tent
To pilgrims on their journey lent.

We welcome thee with earnest heart,
Sweet sister, thy new home to grace ;
Thy smiles, far more than aught beside,
Will shed a brightness round the place :
In summer walks, by winter fires,
We picture thee with glad desire.

Thou com'st to fill in part
Made by our scattering wide and far ;
Ten years ago we numbered nine,
Divided now, as others are ;
But one or two will soon remain
In their old home, of all the train.

From time to time, in mingling glee,
Our father's hearth in turn receives
Each branch once severed from the tree,
With added graft, and shoots and leaves
Nor yet hath any bitter root
Unto that hearth borne bitter fruit.

So, ever parting and renewing,
Are the frail links of earth and time !
May every change to each ensuing,
Prepare them for that purer clime,

A FAMILY PICTURE.

WE saw them rising, one by one,
As years went fleeting by ;
Saw each from infancy's soft night
Ope childhood's laughing eye.
We saw them beat, with dancing feet,
The greensward in their play,
When life was to their gladsome hearts
One long fair summer's day.

They swelled into a numerous band,
Methinks they numbered ten ;
No shaft of death, nor fell disease,
Had mission to them then :
God spared them to the anxious hopes
Of those who loved them best—
Of those who now from hope or fear
For ever take their rest.

They grew together, sharing all
That joy or woe might bring ;
The fountain of their lives was filled
From the same silver spring :

Yet, if I prayed to read
The folded roll of fate,
It would not be with pride to mark
Thee noble, rich, or great :
Nor should I hope to read thy name
Enshrined upon the page of fame,
But pass to heaven's gate,
And gaze into its temple fair,
To see if thou hadst entered there !

Beloved !—wouldst thou choose
A guide unto that land,
Whose voice the winds and sea obey ?
Behold Him, waiting, stand !
It cannot be that blush of shame
Crimsons thy cheek to own His name.
Oh, clasp His piercèd hand !
Then part in peace ! Such aid divine
Be evermore to thee and thine.

A Family Picture.

If pinching poverty be known,
Then every day hath cares,
And few the thoughts from pressing wa
The heart to others spares.

Ah ! who can tell the thousand ways,
By which disunion creeps
Among the loved of former days,
While old affection sleeps !
But two or three of all the ten
Meet as they did of yore,
And some there are who scarce would :
If they should meet no more !

The father with his whitened hairs,
The mother's eye of love,
In realms of bliss, they do not see
This scattering from above.
They drew all round them while they l
They hushed each petty ire,
And water cast on kindling sparks,
Ere they could rise to fire.

Not thus should break life's dearest bor
Not thus should union cease
'Mid those who journey various ways
To the same land of peace.

From Him who dwells in heaven.

If angels made abode with us,
All sinless, calm, and pure,
How would *they* meet the daily brunt
That men from men endure?
With patience tireless as its need,
With pardon, constant, mild,
And ne'er with bitter words would be
Him who reviled, reviled.

Enough—I never see a group
Around their father's door,
But I think how time may sever them
When he shall be no more.

May Blossoms ;
OR,
RHYMES FOR THE CHILDREN.

APRIL FOOLS.

SUGGESTED BY A DEEP SNOW ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WHEN Spring was abroad, one last of
March,
She met with two urchins looking arch,
Saunt'ring together to school ;
And she heard of the glorious trick they had
planned
Against Master, who's always so grave and so
grand,
To make him an April Fool.

It entered into her frolicsome head,
By the same small imp of mischief sped,
Who all merry children rules,
That, just to divert her for four or five hours,
She would mask like winter, and frighten the
flowers,
And make *them* April Fools.

Tears tremble in thy softened eye,
As grieved for sin thy spirit feels,
The tears that Jesus loves to dry,
The grief that Jesus gladly heals.
Seek Him in silence day by day,
Go, softly walk in faith and prayer ;
Lead others in the narrow way,
May all thy kindred meet thee there !



Orange Blossoms.

TO J. B. W.

ON HIS MARRIAGE, MAY 1837.

A PAGE this morn doth open lie,
New in our household's history ;
No record light of infant years,
No tale of childhood's smiles and tears :
With deeper, tenderer theme it burns,
An eager hand that record turns.

My brother ! yes, we haste to meet,
With bridal hymn, and welcome sweet,
The hours which all thine hopes fulfil ;
A moment only turn thee still,—

Thou art, amongst us all, the first
These earliest links of life to burst :
This threshold thou wilt cross no more,
To feel 'tis home as heretofore ;
For now another hearth shall be
Fairer and dearer unto thee.

Thy lightsome step we would not stay,
Speed on the wings of joy away !
Go, win thy young and blushing bride !
Without thy Mary at thy side,
The lay of love we will not pour,—
It wakes for thee alone no more.

Another heart, another hand
Is added to our circling band,
As one with us !

Thy father's hearth will lonely be
At first, without thy smiles and thee !

See the kind beams in friendship's eye,
As all thy bright young train pass by !
Most whom we love are here ; but say,
Does holier presence grace the day ?
And seek we Cana's Guest Divine,
To turn the water into wine ?

One reverend head, whose crown of snow
Is in the quiet grave laid low,
Had oft foretold how holy bands
Would in the future join these hands ;
Unseen, perchance he lingers near,
And ministers an angel here.

His way to heaven he meekly trod,
Belovèd, choose your father's God ;
Nor from your fathers' altars turn
Without a living coal to burn,
When bending at Jehovah's throne,
Ere long ye humbly raise your own.

As yet no cloud around ye lowers,
Your earthly path is strewn with flowers ;
May every bloom with beauty rife
Be watered by the stream of life ;

to thine icebergs away !
breezes come freely play !
ry leaflet and blossom,

th, of thy frowns afraid.
fingers have over them

: were thine !
of the pine ;
y grey and dark,
aring lark !
do thou let alone,
d keep to thine own.

se, with icicles fringed ;
en velvet with buttercups

iamonds, and mine is of

t lingered so long in my

ow, with my sunbeams and

unds to greet
; dancing feet,
l merrily bound
throne around \

Thou art surely not plotting to stay
And ingrossen my children away !

My bees ! they are starving ! yes, monster
behold,

In those beautiful cells they lie dead with th
gold.

The few who crawl forth are too weary an
work,

From coop, bud, or bell, at my bidding to see
The nectar that feeds them—Oh, hence in
week

I'll scare thee, old churl !

Thou must fold and furl !

Hence thy vaporous shroud !

And now for warm showers
To cherish my flowers,
Till all glowing they burst,
As in Eden at first ;
I'll breathe o'er the world in a day,
And send tidings to every spray.

word, as thou fliest, I whisper thee still :
thou shalt not return at thy mischievous will
peril one bud that in me doth confide !
thou shouldst for an hour, to thee is denied,
ages to come, what to me is allied.

Nor e'er thy dark train
Will I broider again,
Or hem it with light
By my snowdrops bright.
Usurper ! thou rulest no more !
My kingdom, my kingdom—restore !

...ing men.
Should heads may rest in clay,
The young may lie as low as they.

Weep not for this, or here or there,
One Lord we serve and love ;
Most blessed those who win most souls,
To dwell with Him above.
His kingdom come, on life's fair shore,
Nor death nor distance part us more.



THE BRIDESMAID TO THE BRIDE.

' It was a woe to say Farewell to thee ! '

HOW many a blessing love will breathe,
Dearest, for thee to-day !
With many a flower will friendship wreath,
And strew thy joyful way.
Friendship and Love shall twine thee chaplet
fair,
And thou wilt cherish every tribute there.

Such a sight ne'er seen before,
Plucking till we could no more,
We had primrose fill ;
Fair, large blossoms, each the other
Fairer, larger than its brother,
Lured us farther still.

Guessing not our rude employ,
Gazing up at us with joy,
Every primrose bland ;
Till, recalling poet's faith,
That 'e'en a flower enjoys its breath,'
I stayed my cruel hand.

Change unto the eye was none,
All the thousands blooming on,
Ne'er their neighbours missing :
Scarce a sunbeam marked the wrong,
Down the hazel-wands among,
Where he each was kissing.

Mary ! avaricious grown,
Let that queenly root alone !
Hist ! I heard it say,
'Here a lone wood-life it lingers,
Better die by fairy fingers :'
Bear it then away !

we

Droop in flocks around
Where the axe the oak has laid,
And green moss its couch has made,
They are blushing found.

Violets ! both white and blue,
Hearts will ever dance for you,
In the hedgerows wild ;
Listen not with envious ear,
If, on this day of all the year,
Primroses have smiled.



Had scattered in flocks over meadows and
rocks ;
While the country round was o'erflowing with
sound.

The hawk he winked with his eagle eye,
And he said to a nettle which grew hard by,
' We'll take this wight, and we'll teach him
aright,
To carp and to scan, and to find in man
All the fault he can.
For the youth is sharp, and his looks are
arch,
And by rights he should have been born in
March.

From this day forth his wit shall be
Sparkling and piercing in keen degree ;
Further than most this boy shall see ;
He shall wear a sting, and prove early wise,
And the world shall be foolish in his eyes.'

I do not know what else to bestow
This pair intended, for ere they had ended,
All the birds beside against them cried !
The robin dared, and the *goldfinch* shared

Of the

The merry brown linnet saw

The thrush could not rest in her woo
nest,

Nor the cuckoo forego her claim to besto

On the day of your birth, the stamp of mi

And each wee thing, that was born in
spring,

Said you were theirs, that they saw in
eye

Something that shares in gladness and j

And they bade it beam kindly and ofte
blindly,

Where the hawk would have had it res

And sent you on happier quest, in s
whatever was best

and worth, sprinkled

his jingle ; its aim has been

prove only friendship and

outh, I desire to remain,

uth, yours ever, L. N.

—o—

RONER'S INQUEST.

IND DROWNED.'

1 graced a garden's bound,
three butterflies 'found

of yore was known
; in that font of stone ;
; riven, his font was dry,
e holden in memory,
ower of passing rain
sser birds again :
mer the insects spied,
mic depths they died !

Earth's fairest cup is dashed with gall,
Clouds streak its brightest sky ;
Else might it prove the Christian's *all*,
And ne'er his soul should fly,
To taste the cup of heavenly bliss,
And seek for brighter skies than this.

Yet fair your cup, and bright your sky,
Beloved ; blessings be
On all God's bounteous hand hath showered
Abundant, choice, and free—
Till ye shall reach Heaven's sacred shore,
And, ' full of blessing,' need no more.



THE NEW HOME.

PLEASANT and bright the flower-strewn
way,
By which the bridegroom leads the bride
To her new home in fair array,
Shrining her there in love and pride !
The thought shall prompt a bridal lay
To those such home awaits to-day.

They waked each bird from its midnight rest,
To summon its aid in their anxious quest,
The cause of this fell mischance of death !
Did any receive the parting breath ?
Had a naughty gnome on the marge that played,
For mischief their merry wanderings laid ?
Or was it that the conceited elves
Had caught the reflection of themselves
In the still waters' treacherous face,
Deceived, as are others of their race,
Who, frantic worshippers of fire,
For love of light, in flames expire ?

Could a boding dream, in evil hour,
Have come o'er them with malignant power !
Sear leaves of Autumn did they dread
To be whirled upon their dying head,
In an eventide of lurid red ?
So thought to 'scape such stormy time,
By dying with summer in her prime ?
' Foresight like this,' the fairy said,
' Was an organ not in a butterfly's head.'

Perchance they deemed, from existence past,
That life in all *varied forms* could last :
And remembering how their wings of gold,
Once in a filmy shroud could fold,

was never yet an insect's crime.

One gloomy guess remained beside ;
Was it of broken hearts they died ?
The jurors twelve, the car forsaking
Of their bright queen, were then bet
Themselves to each enchanting Fair,
To ask if she the tyrant were
That urged the wretched to despair ;

There came a hushed, disdainful sou
From all the wakened flowers aroun
The lily tossed her lovely head,
The white rose blushed in anger red
The balsam, with her hundred dyes,

A zephyr's privilege they craved,
Scorned as it scorned, to be enslaved ;
Gloried that neither bud nor bell
Held elfin charm, or muttered spell,
Their stray devotions to compel.
The flowers replied, Go wander free,
Our heart's deep love is not for ye ;
We keep it for the constant bee.

Titania sought no more to prove
That her butterflies had died for love.

What final verdict they had found,
I know not ; it was lost in sound,
Betiding the approach of morn.
A gnat's reveille of humming horn,
He was the Fairy's bugler born.
The flitting of the shadows gray,
The coming of the streaks of day ;
They waited only till they heard
The first soft chirping of the bird ;
Key-note of that inspiring strain,
Which night alone will hush again.
Off in a fright the fairy flew,
The jury all adjourned.—Adieu !

A FAMILY PICTURE.

WE saw them rising, one by one,
As years went fleeting by ;
Saw each from infancy's soft night
Ope childhood's laughing eye.
We saw them beat, with dancing feet,
The greensward in their play,
When life was to their gladsome hearts
One long fair summer's day.

They swelled into a numerous band,
Methinks they numbered ten ;
No shaft of death, nor fell disease,
Had mission to them then :
God spared them to the anxious hopes
Of those who loved them best—
Of those who now from hope or fear
For ever take their rest,

They grew together, sharing all
That joy or woe might bring ;
The fountain of their lives was filled
From the same silver spring :

IV.

Cypress Leaves.

N

10

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S LEAVES.

IE WITH EARTH.

th earth : the hour is nigh
ings here below—I die ;
e, this labouring breath,
osing round—are death ;
r is wearing thin,
nd is breaking in.
k in this troublous sea ;
but faith in Thee.

urth : the fear is past—
nd of my Guide at last ;
re this robe of clay,
it, is hid away ;
the tomb and shroud.
in yon shining cloud,
esired bourne,
whence none return.



I've done with earth—with its toil and care :
I have nothing more to do or bear ;
The ear of no earthly friend may know
How sweet within me these musings flow.
To sounds of the spirit-world I wake ;
I'm hushed to the din that mortals make :
O Lord ! in this hour of mystery,
I have nothing left but faith in Thee.

I've done with earth, and its nearest ties :
I've faith to think Thou wilt hear the cries
Of those who looked to me as their stay,
Who weep bereft on my dying day.
My tender Father will wipe their tears ;
Thy Saviour will hush their fears ;
Thy hand

I have done with earth—sad earth—farewell !
I shall not behold what prophets tell ;
Thy time of deepening woe and gloom,
Impending curse and ripening doom.
For it draweth on—the awful hour,
The last and worst of Satan's power ;
But from his 'great wrath' I go to rest,
In calm repose, and on Jesus' breast.

I have done with earth—with the beauty rare
Which circles its thousand homes so fair ;
With its mountain ranges, valleys lone,
And with all the bright sun shines upon.
It hath many caves and dungeons deep,
Where God doth mark how His children weep ;
And where He in flaming fire will make
Inquest for blood, for their dear sake.

I have done with earth till the blessed day
When I see it new, in fair array ;
Till I come again in the countless train
Of the King whose right 'twill be to reign.
When that I now give to the grave to hide,
Shall awake 'incorrupt and glorified ;'
May mine unclothed spirit accepted be,—
My Lord and Saviour ! I sleep in Thee.

But *they* looked half modest, while drooping
their heads
All meekly down on the sparkling beds,
Low as the vale's sweet lilies.

The young leaves whispered their wild amaze,
And asked each other what sunbright days
Had tempted them out at all ;
And the sleet fell fast on the blackbird's wing,
Though we heard him, trying to think it was
spring,
To his mates in melody call.

Pale fear into every primrose crept,
Whole purple violet households wept,
And shrank in wild affright ;
While nectarine and peach, in the utter gloom,
Were show'ring in haste their untimely bloom,
All through the bitter night.

Flies had been flitting, and musical trill
The robin had uttered by wood and rill :
We had hailed the yellow moth,
On the rough wind's pinions his death-sigh sped,
For his delicate winglets soiled and dead—
Fairies, O Spring ! were wroth !

To their last long home and their kindred
dust,
To abide till the coming again of the just.
She entereth not at the opening door,
She graceth the family board no more.
We weep as we gaze on her vacant chair,
And the aching void we can hardly bear.

She is dead and gone ! gone far away,
For the spirit is not with the buried clay ;
Scarce a sigh attended its flight sublime,
When it rose and escaped from the trifles of
time,—
No lengthened sickness—no conflict long,—
Her hope was humble, her faith was strong ;
In one silent night was the passage made,
And Jesus was with her—to solace and aid.

She is dead and gone ! she is dead and gone !
In the darkened house, on a Sabbath morn,
Her children mourned ; while she, more blest,
To a wondrous region of light and rest,
In angels' arms was carried on high,
Just as the murmurs came floating by
From a thousand temples of praise and prayer,
To the courts above ; she entered there.

Away, then, away, to thine icebergs away !
And let me and my breezes come freely play !
We must fan every leaflet and blossom,
delayed

In its prisoning sheath, of thy frowns afraid.
Ah ! thy sear blue fingers have over them
strayed !

Buds never were thine !
Save those of the pine ;
Nor thy sky grey and dark,
For my soaring lark !
My treasures—do thou let alone,
I pray thee, and keep to thine own.

Thy mantle is ermine, with icicles fringed ;
Leave me the green velvet with buttercups
tinged ;

Thy zone is of diamonds, and mine is of
flowers.

Ah, me ! thou hast lingered so long in my
bowers,

I shall never, e'en now, with my sunbeams and
showers,

Have garlands to greet
The young dancing feet,
Which will merrily bound
My bright throne around \

Fresh footsteps will tread each familiar floor,
And the places that knew us shall know us no
more.

Let a mother's sweet image, remembered in love,
Now made like to her Lord in the mansions
above,

Be our circlet of union, though scattered abroad,
Till we join her again in the presence of God.

'Yea, blessed the dead who have died in the
Lord,'

Who have walked on the earth by the lamp of
His word,

Whose light hath so shined with unvarying
beam,

That glory through them hath been given to
Him :

Epistles of Christ, both in word and in deed,
Which the righteous have prized and the
thoughtless may read,

They are gone—they are gone—to receive their
reward ;

O, blessed the dead who have died in the
Lord.

And now for warm showers
To cherish my flowers,
Till all glowing they burst,
As in Eden at first ;
I'll breathe o'er the world in a day,
And send tidings to every spray.

One word, as thou fliest, I whisper thee still :
Thou shalt not return at thy mischievous will
To peril one bud that in me doth confide !
If thou shouldst for an hour, to thee is denied,
In ages to come, what to me is allied.

Nor e'er thy dark train
Will I broider again,
Or hem it with light
By my snowdrops bright.
Usurper ! thou rulest no more !
My kingdom, my kingdom—restore !



Only from sorrowing friends erewhile to crave
A seemly folding for the quiet grave.

Then swelled along the vale a mournful sound,
Low dirge-like voices met the moaning tide—
Of such as wandered near a funeral mound ;
And opening its dark door, the grave replied,
'Here, with his household lay him side by side ;
The calm remains are mine ! and thus I claim,
In years to come, whoever owns his name.'

That silver head was seen by men no more ;
Yet ere the solemn chamber closed, a ray
Fell from the skies upon its mouldering floor :
God, writing with a sunbeam, seemed to say,
So its Redeemer shall reclaim this clay
At His last advent in eternal light,
To win the kingdoms of the grave, O Night !

'Where are the fathers?' to our homes returned ;
One is gone from us to serener spheres ;
We miss the light which long amongst us
burned,—

Miss the sweet influence of those elder years.
Sorrow oft looked on him and dried its tears ;
And hope and joy have lost their kindly friend,
Whose tempered age with each could bear
and blend.

Such a sight ne'er seen before,
Plucking till we could no more,
We had primrose fill ;
Fair, large blossoms, each the other
Fairer, larger than its brother,
Lured us farther still.

Guessing not our rude employ,
Gazing up at us with joy,
Every primrose bland ;
Till, recalling poet's faith,
That 'e'en a flower enjoys its breath,'
I stayed my cruel hand.

Change unto the eye was none,
All the thousands blooming on,
Ne'er their neighbours missing :
Scarce a sunbeam marked the wrong,
Down the hazel-wands among,
Where he each was kissing.

Mary ! avaricious grown,
Let that queenly root alone !
Hist ! I heard it say,
'Here a lone wood-life it lingers,
Better die by fairy fingers :'
Bear it then away !

Where the moss
And green moss its couch has made,
They are blushing found.

Violets ! both white and blue,
Hearts will ever dance for you,
In the hedgerows wild ;
Listen not with envious ear,
If, on this day of all the year,
Primroses have smiled.




THE BIRDS IN MAY.

Had scattered in flocks over meadows and
rocks ;
While the country round was o'erflowing with
sound.

The hawk he winked with his eagle eye,
And he said to a nettle which grew hard by,
' We'll take this wight, and we'll teach him
aright,
To carp and to scan, and to find in man
All the fault he can.
For the youth is sharp, and his looks are
arch,
And by rights he should have been born in
March.

From this day forth his wit shall be
Sparkling and piercing in keen degree ;
Further than most this boy shall see ;
He shall wear a sting, and prove early wise,
And the world shall be foolish in his eyes.'

I do not know what else to bestow
This pair intended, for ere they had ended,
All the birds beside against them cried !
The robin dared, and the goldfinch shared



— merry brown linnet saw .
The thrush could not rest in
nest,
Nor the cuckoo forego her claim
On the day of your birth, the sun
And each wee thing, that was
spring,
Said you were theirs, that the
eye
Something that shares in gladness
And they bade it beam kindly and
blindly,
Where the hawk would have had
And sent you on happier quest
whatever was best
Of goodness and worth. ~~some~~
earth

w forgive me this jingle ; its aim has been
single,
ar Jasper, to prove only friendship and
love ;
r in age as in youth, I desire to remain,
affection and truth, yours ever, L. N.

—0—

A CORONER'S INQUEST.

‘ FOUND DROWNED. ’

N a vase which graced a garden's bound,
There were three butterflies ‘found
drowned.’
lettered eagle of yore was known
lave his wings in that font of stone ;
t his chain was riven, his font was dry,
d its use scarce holden in memory,
ept when a shower of passing rain
ght fill it for lesser birds again :
ch lake of summer the insects spied,
d ah, in its mimic depths they died !

And manhood lent his sinking frame
All aid its need might claim :
All loved to shield his drooping head,
And watch his dying bed.

Dark night was o'er the sea, and loud
The winter's wind did rave,
When we laid our little favourite
In his deep sea-grave.
Oh, mournfully the vessel's bell
Tolled out the funeral knell
That gathered us around his bier;
In every eye—a tear !

The ship was rocking in the blast,
Chill fell the rain and fast
On every head unsheltered there,
And on the book of prayer.
The whistling wind and rushing surge
Mingled in fitting dirge,
But drowned the solemn words they said
Over the quiet dead.

The captain signed the moment come
To grant the greedy deep
One treasure more, till day of doom
In its vast caves to sleep.

bird from its midnight rest,
in their anxious quest,
all mischance of death !
parting breath ?
me on the marge that played,
merry wanderings laid ?
conceited elves
lection of themselves
treacherous face,
thers of their race,
ippers of fire,
n flames expire ?

eam, in evil hour,
em with malignant power !
umn did they dread
n their dying head,
urid red ?
oe such stormy time,
mer in her prime ?
is,' the fairy said,
t in a butterfly's head.'

emed, from existence past,
ied forms could last :
how their wings of gold,
roud could fold,

Quiet laid the little feet
That ran at mother's word ;
Or that, father's step to greet,
Flew, as the sound she heard :
Shoes, new shoes seem ready there,
Which those feet will never wear.

With thy basket trudging on,
Thou'lt be met no more ;
Mother's biddings all are done,
And every reckoning o'er.
None thro' all the dale could be,
Annie ! missed so much as thee.

Weep ! poor mother, thou *must* weep,
Tho' all too weak for woe ;
Soon thou shalt beside her sleep,
Child and mother too.
And the blind, the helpless blind,—
Where shall father comfort find ?

Yester-morn, upon his knee,
With a most earnest mind,
Verse and verse she read with him
Of gospel for the blind :
He with finger tracing,—she
Helping him so cheerily.

A zephyr's privilege they craved,
Scorned as it scorned, to be enslaved ;
Gloried that neither bud nor bell
Held elfin charm, or muttered spell,
Their stray devotions to compel.
The flowers replied, Go wander free,
Our heart's deep love is not for ye ;
We keep it for the constant bee.

Titania sought no more to prove
That her butterflies had died for love.

What final verdict they had found,
I know not ; it was lost in sound,
Betiding the approach of morn.
A gnat's reveille of humming horn,
He was the Fairy's bugler born.
The flitting of the shadows gray,
The coming of the streaks of day ;
They waited only till they heard
The first soft chirping of the bird ;
Key-note of that inspiring strain,
Which night alone will hush again.
Off in a fright the fairy flew,
The jury all adjourned.—Adieu !

MARGARET.

‘Despise not one of these little ones.’

THEY sit beside their newly dead,
And weep such solemn tears
As only loving parents shed,
When all the care of years,
With that sad silent watch, is o’er,—
Their child will need them never more.

Last night they knew not ’twas the last,
They smoothed the restless bed,
And fondly hushed the plaintive wail—
‘Oh, make me well!’ she said;
Their Heavenly Father heard the moan,
And to Himself the child is gone.

In their own chamber, still she rests
On her low couch. So fair,
That many a day their hearts shall hoard
That calm sweet presence there;
Their angel-child, with whom they rise
Daily from earth towards the skies.

IV.

Cypress Leaves.

N

1871

1872

1873

1874



CYPRESS LEAVES.



I HAVE DONE WITH EARTH.

I HAVE done with earth : the hour is nigh
When to all things here below—I die ;
This fluttering pulse, this labouring breath,
And the shadows closing round—are death ;
The veil of the flesh is wearing thin,
And the world beyond is breaking in.
Save, Lord ! I sink in this troublous sea ;
I have nothing left but faith in Thee.

I have done with earth : the fear is past—
I've grasped the hand of my Guide at last ;
And I care not where this robe of clay,
As my spirit drops it, is hid away ;
No terrors now, in the tomb and shroud.
With angel-guards in yon shining cloud,
I rise to my long-desired bourne,
The rest in Jesus, whence none return.

I have done with earth—sad earth—farewell !
I shall not behold what prophets tell ;
Thy time of deepening woe and gloom,
Impending curse and ripening doom.
For it draweth on—the awful hour,
The last and worst of Satan's power ;
But from his 'great wrath' I go to rest,
In calm repose, and on Jesus' breast.

I have done with earth—with the beauty rare
Which circles its thousand homes so fair ;
With its mountain ranges, valleys lone,
And with all the bright sun shines upon.
It hath many caves and dungeons deep,
Where God doth mark how His children weep ;
And where He in flaming fire will make
Inquest for blood, for their dear sake.

I have done with earth till the blessed day
When I see it new, in fair array ;
Till I come again in the countless train
Of the King whose right 'twill be to reign.
When that I now give to the grave to hide,
Shall awake 'incorrupt and glorified ;'
May mine unclothed spirit accepted be,—
My Lord and Saviour ! I sleep in Thee.

Thou must yield her up, fond Mother, to her
 everlasting rest,
The one that nestled nearest, the sweetest and
 the best !
How swiftly snapped—the tiny chains of daily
 loving cares,
And the little seven years' maiden passed on
 beyond thy prayers !

Passed on into the heaven of praise—gone up
 before the throne,
Through rows of burning seraphim, the child
 hath sped alone !
No white-robed elder her forbade—but silent
 made her room,
Rejoicing for the little one, whose Lord hath
 called her home.

So lay the peaceful clay - cold form in its
 white coffin fair,
And dress it with earth's fading flowers, but
 never think she's there ;
For day and night, in realms of light, *they*
 serve, as saith the word,¹
Our EDITH, MARGARET, ISABEL, are 'present
 with the Lord.'

¹ Rev. vii. 15.

ong home and their kindred

coming again of the just.
at the opening door,
family board no more.
gaze on her vacant chair,
void we can hardly bear.

gone ! gone far away,
not with the buried clay ;
tended its flight sublime,
nd escaped from the trifles of

sickness—no conflict long,—
umble, her faith was strong ;
ght was the passage made,
with her—to solace and aid.

gone ! she is dead and gone !
house, on a Sabbath morn,
urned ; while she, more blest,
region of light and rest,
was carried on high,
nurs came floating by
d temples of praise and prayer,
bove ; she entered there.

side,

She patiently waits with the ransomed,
Bride :'

Till shortly her Lord to His kingdom shall co
And His saints, in their glorified bodies, the
Of immutable promise shall reckon and re
And 'to govern the nations' arise from
sleep.

Fare thee well, O beloved ! 'tis bitter to
Thou wert noble in mien—thou wert gen
heart ;

Thine age in its beauty remembered shall
For life's reverend autumn was lovely in
With the gold-tinted leaves from the earth
hast past,

at sunset

Footsteps will tread each familiar floor,
The places that knew us shall know us no
more.

Another's sweet image, remembered in love,
Made like to her Lord in the mansions
above,
A circle of union, though scattered abroad,
Join her again in the presence of God.

Blessed the dead who have died in the
word,

Who have walked on the earth by the lamp of
God's word,

Whose light hath so shined with unvarying
glory,

Whose glory through them hath been given to
all men :

Witnesses of Christ, both in word and in deed,

Whom the righteous have prized and the
ungodly may read,

Whom we re-gone—they are gone—to receive their
reward ;

Blessed the dead who have died in the
word.

Those other babes were Spirits for the age
Of peace the hero earned ;
The painter's skill transferred to magic page,
The thoughts that in him burned.
Nature's bold pupil in her rarest moods,
Master of mist and space ;
He bade men seek her gorgeous solitudes,
The truth he told to trace.

And here we stand beside the grassy mound,
Where Wordsworth chose to lie ;
Guarded by all the silent mountains round,
And Rotha murmuring by ;
Lough-rigg and Fair-field, watch-towers of
Grasmere,
Seat-sandal, Silver-how,
Circle the ashes of their mighty seer,
No more amongst them now.

Oh, he had 'lesson deep' the world to teach,
From eighty quiet years,
Spent with these lights, these shadows, and
these forms,
Amid the rills and meres.
Their voices with his heart communed so long,
We cannot choose but greet
Their echoes in his simple, lofty song,
Which gives them utterance meet !

sorrowing friends erewhile to crave
folding for the quiet grave.

lled along the vale a mournful sound,
-like voices met the moaning tide—
s wandered near a funeral mound ;
ing its dark door, the grave replied,
th his household lay him side by side ;
remains are mine ! and thus I claim,
o come, whoever owns his name.'

r head was seen by men no more ;
e solemn chamber closed, a ray
the skies upon its mouldering floor :
ing with a sunbeam, seemed to say,
leemer shall reclaim this clay
st advent in eternal light,
e kingdoms of the grave, O Night !

ve the fathers?' to our homes returned ;
ie from us to serener spheres ;
the light which long amongst us
d,—
weet influence of those elder years.
t looked on him and dried its tears ;
and joy have lost their kindly friend,
mpered age with each could bear
lend.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

YES, tears must flow, and freely,
Or bleeding hearts would break ;
I love to watch this empty crib,
Though he's not here to wake.
There is within my soul, a hope
That wins it from despair ;
I can look up to the bright sky,
And think that he is there !
But, my Willie, oh, my Willie,
My precious one, my pride,
As I turn to earth, and miss thee,
I would thou hadst not died !
Thy favourite chair is vacant,
Thy merry voice is hushed,
And my bud, my plant of promise,
In the quiet grave is crushed.

There is a chasm in my heart,
A vacuum and a void—
Somewhat, bound up with every nerve,
Is severed and destroyed !
Loved all too well ; perchance, I own
It helped to make the nest
Of happiness below the skies
Too soft—too meet for rest !

Cypress Leaves.

er is the down wide scattered
efore the winds of heaven ;
I ! raise Thine undivided throne
e the chasm Thou hast riven.
a sufferest not that idols
ould Thy dominion share ;
a hast made the world a wilderness,
hat it might not be a snare.

at was there given thee in that hour,
ly ransomed one—my love !
ood the ken of babyhood,
and mortal strength above ?
'st thou the Angel of the grave
n gloomy garb flit by ?

W

F

T

At

Thy calm, distinct 'farewell,' my child,
I hear it o'er again ;
'Tis mingled with the angels' hymns,
Who waited for thee then.
Farewell, my darling—spread the wings
They teach thee to unfold ;
I spare thee, love, to mount to heaven
On plumes of filmy gold.
Nor is thy mother left alone :
He who hath taken thee,
Will ever guide and comfort her
Across dark sorrow's sea.
From the children whom He chasteneth
He hideth not His face ;
The tide of grief can never rise
Above the throne of grace.

I have many treasures left me, —
Dark eyes are at my knee,
Gazing up into my face, with
Their serious sympathy.
The babe upon whose velvet cheek
Kisses and tears do meet,
Answers me ever with a smile,
Unconscious, calm, and sweet.
And Thou, upon whose arm I lean,
And every care repose ;


aves.

ress
o be a rose.
but oh, still
ell,
anted *that* ;
gs well.

AT SEA.

er memory sweep,
at burial of the deep.'

he gathered flower.



And manhood lent his sinking frame
All aid its need might claim :
All loved to shield his drooping head,
And watch his dying bed.

Dark night was o'er the sea, and loud
The winter's wind did rave,
When we laid our little favourite
In his deep sea-grave.
Oh, mournfully the vessel's bell
Tolled out the funeral knell
That gathered us around his bier;
In every eye—a tear !

The ship was rocking in the blast,
Chill fell the rain and fast
On every head unsheltered there,
And on the book of prayer.
The whistling wind and rushing surge
Mingled in fitting dirge,
But drowned the solemn words they said
Over the quiet dead.

The captain signed the moment come
To grant the greedy deep
One treasure more, till day of doom
In its vast caves to sleep.

and snapped the tottering m

Yet safe to port we rode ! that
By midnight's hour was o'er
On its strong wing, *the sailors* s
That cherished form it bore
To rest, not in the waters cold,
Nor sink in their caverns old
For angel-wise—to him 'twas gi
'To ride on the storm to hea'

—o—

ANNIE LANE.

Quiet laid the little feet
That ran at mother's word ;
Or that, father's step to greet,
Flew, as the sound she heard :
Shoes, new shoes seem ready there,
Which those feet will never wear.

With thy basket trudging on,
Thou'lt be met no more ;
Mother's biddings all are done,
And every reckoning o'er.
None thro' all the dale could be,
Annie ! missed so much as thee.

Weep ! poor mother, thou *must* weep,
Tho' all too weak for woe ;
Soon thou shalt beside her sleep,
Child and mother too.
And the blind, the helpless blind,—
Where shall father comfort find ?

Yester-morn, upon his knee,
With a most earnest mind,
Verse and verse she read with him
Of gospel for the blind :
He with finger tracing,—she
Helping him so cheerily.

ress Leaves.

her down to die;
ne short hour ;
d wearily,
aded flower :
book beneath her head
—but she's dead.

, mother's stay,
as with a word ;
o plucked the flower away,
it is the Lord.'
ads the Border-land,
ie in His hand.

at a fortnight old,

MARGARET.

'Despise not one of these little ones.'

THEY sit beside their newly dead,
And weep such solemn tears
As only loving parents shed,
When all the care of years,
With that sad silent watch, is o'er,—
Their child will need them never more.

Last night they knew not 'twas the last,
They smoothed the restless bed,
And fondly hushed the plaintive wail—
'Oh, make me well!' she said;
Their Heavenly Father heard the moan,
And to Himself the child is gone.

In their own chamber, still she rests
On her low couch. So fair,
That many a day their hearts shall hoard
That calm sweet presence there;
Their angel-child, with whom they rise
Daily from earth towards the skies.

And in the

Green leaves and lily bells ;
Seraphs have fanned that peaceful
Their seal is on it even now.

Sweet mother, kiss thy last ; thou
No bitter tears to shed ;
'Suffer the child to come to Me,'
Thy loving Saviour said.
Hast thou not trained her for me
I need that harp before my throne

Oh, happier than her hour of birth
This fathomless repose !
Nor can thine elder reason guess
What now thy Margaret knows
— all for thy departed one

Treasure love's holy relics then,
Last flowers with which she played,
Last words she wrote, the books she loved,
All now so sacred made.
She shall be named in household lore,
'The blest one who is gone before !'



OUR MISSING LINKS IN HEAVEN.

'I have ransomed them from the power of the grave.'
'It was a cave, and a stone lay on it.'

UNCLOSE that solemn door, and lift the
awful stone ;
We are come to lay once more our best and
dearest down.
It costs us the price of a life, to peer
On those who lie in this chamber drear.

Mother and child are met, at last, in this cold,
dark room ;
Yet tho' side by side, no speech makes wel-
come thro' the gloom.
'Tis a grave on a green hill-side so fair,
And silence, and rest, and death are there.

Not back from thee, O Death ! Thou
only shrouds to give—

Mere grave-clothes thou canst hide when
thou touchest 'LIVE.'

Heaven's Lord left *His* in thine han
old ;

HE was 'not there'—as the angels to

A tramp was on our stair in the deep
night gloom ;

Death said, 'I will have mine own, to fo
for the tomb !'

Then there went up a wail—a midn
cry,

Such as children make when mothers

But across the street, a child seemed wra
slumbers deep ;

He saw bright angels hovering near,
And they sang sweet hymns to his
charmed ear.¹

Floating by, that shining band were each
crowned with a starry crown ;

'And one had a crown in his hand : He
crossed the street and came down :'

At the moment Death greedily claimed
his prey,

He crowned that sweet mother and bore
her away.

O Lord, to fair childhood's eye, unfolding the
truth of Thy love—

'Tis thy message — 'they never die ;' your
'missing links' are above.

And this was the greeting perchance that
they gave,

Who seemed to lie still in the family grave.

To the edge of the vast unseen, does our Lord
return with His own,

To usher each new-born spirit to the foot of
His Father's throne.

¹ A fact.

edge of their immortality, and on earth we set up their gravestones, almost every one of which has its answering inscription on some sorrowing human heart, cut deep into its surface by the Heavenly Sculptor. But the message of a great sorrow is not answered unless we set up other memorials of the loved and lost than gravestones, and dedicate some LIFE-WORK for their sake—some work that will live beyond the tomb. It has been said that 'the infinite ocean of human woes makes every idle moment in a Christian's life guilt in the sight of God.' Suppose all the pious and sorrowful women in the world believed this, and were to look round for a field of their own in which they might win souls to Christ. Riches may have fled—home—even health—but this space for a labour of love remains.

Their great sorrow or loss may have clouded all the happiness of life as far as it depends on surrounding circumstances; and if they had been nurtured in the Church of Rome, they might have turned to a convent for refuge from their grief. But a convent has its rules and occupations, and why should the care of the poor, of the young, of the sick, or the aged, belong only to Sisters of Charity in the Church of Rome? The women of that Church have done more for her than her priests; but has not the Universal Church of Christ need of the work of

Thou must yield her up, fond Mother, to her
 everlasting rest,
The one that nestled nearest, the sweetest and
 the best !
How swiftly snapped—the tiny chains of daily
 loving cares,
And the little seven years' maiden passed on
 beyond thy prayers !

Passed on into the heaven of praise—gone up
 before the throne,
Through rows of burning seraphim, the child
 hath sped alone !
No white-robed elder her forbade—but silent
 made her room,
Rejoicing for the little one, whose Lord hath
 called her home.

So lay the peaceful clay-cold form in its
 white coffin fair,
And dress it with earth's fading flowers, but
 never think she's there ;
For day and night, in realms of light, *they*
 serve, as saith the word,¹
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We comfort one another with these words of
hope and cheer,—
The bodies of these loved ones 'sleep' until
the Lord appear ;
And then in one bright ransomed host, His
changed ethereal 'Bride'—
The sleeping and the living—shall be gathered
to His side.



*MUSINGS BY THE GRAVE OF
WORDSWORTH.*

IN THE 'CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,'
GRASMERE.

FOUR peaceful babes in one eventful year
First saw the light of day—
Napoleon, Turner, Wordsworth, Wellington :
All now have passed away.
The Despot, Painter, Poet, Hero, each
In his lone grave is laid :
Each had deep lesson to his race to teach,
Whose memory shall not fade.

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Those other babes were Spirits for the age
Of peace the hero earned ;
The painter's skill transferred to magic page,
The thoughts that in him burned.
Nature's bold pupil in her rarest moods,
Master of mist and space ;
He bade men seek her gorgeous solitudes,
The truth he told to trace.

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Guarded by all the silent mountains round,
And Rotha murmuring by ;
Lough-rigg and Fair-field, watch-towers of
Grasmere,
Seat-sandal, Silver-how,
Circle the ashes of their mighty seer,
No more amongst them now.

Oh, he had 'lesson deep' the world to teach,
From eighty quiet years,
Spent with these lights, these shadows, and
these forms,
Amid the rills and meres.
Their voices with his heart communed so long,
We cannot choose but greet
Their echoes in his simple, lofty song,
Which gives them utterance meet !

[REDACTED]

4

Oft fancy dreams them trains of pilgrim souls
O'er tarn and fell that rove,
Who to this shrine bring offerings from afar,
Of reverence and love.

He, who with God in Nature spent his life,
Sought in its closing year
To God in Christ, as with chastised heart,
Resigned, he sat him here.
Beneath these beeches, on this low stone wall,
Where nothing speaks of gloom,
His earnest eye oft seemed to penetrate
The secrets of the tomb.

The precious daughter of his loving age
Before him low was laid ;
'I am the Resurrection and the Life,'
To her had Jesus said.
'In no wise will I him that comes cast out '—
Words cheering her last hour ;
And thro' the daughter's solemn strength of faith,
The father felt their power.

In foreign lands, the yellow light that falls
From a fair oriel pane,

² These verses of Scripture are inscribed on Mrs.
Quillinan's tombstone.



THE MESSAGE OF A GREAT SORROW.

'Gone Home.'

'REJOICE IN IT.'

OUR dear EDITH, a treasure lent for eighteen years, has been reclaimed by the Lord of the way, who, when she seemed just ripening for earnest, helpful work in 'Bible-missions' on earth, had seen her ripe for heaven, and taken her to Himself.

It was one night said to her, as she seemed drawing near her end, 'We have been giving you up to the will of God, but we have found it *hard work*.' She only answered, '*Rejoice* in it.'

'If I recover, how I will seek to win souls for Christ!' was the constant outgoing of desire from that couch of bitter pain and holy patience. 'Would that, in the days of miracle, our Lord could have said to you, "ARISE!"' was remarked to her; to which she answered, with a smile (that all who once saw it longed to see again), 'No; rather let patience have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Think how much I have learned in this illness of what *sufferers* feel! When I get better, it will seem to have been quite a happy time. I had had no tribulation before, and it is